

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1858.

THE WANDERINGS OF PLANTS.

BY WILLIAM MURPHY, M. D.

"From climes unknown,
By undiscoverable paths, they flock
Thither; like passage birds to us in spring,
They were not yesterday—and, lo! to-day,
They are—but what keen eye beheld their coming?"

MAN is not the only wanderer upon the earth. Even the tiny flower that modestly lifts its head to catch the evening breeze, is often rudely driven forth to prepare a new home, and to encounter fresh troubles. Thrown upon the wings of the wind, the plants journey through mountain passes, skip over green fields, and sport with buoyant life upon the currents of the clouds. Sailing upon the waters, they reel and toss in the dancing cataract, play among the eddies, and float far away upon the surface of old ocean. Solitary and in crowds they go forth to plant new realms of the sea; to clothe the rocks with verdure, and to bind the sands with living fibers; to "make glad the solitary places, and to cause the desert to blossom and rejoice as the rose." Leaving their kindred behind, they pass along the highways of nature, visit strange lands, form new colonies, and become, in time, firmly established in their possessions. They who wish may here watch the rise and fall of empire, may trace the outgoings and the incomings of busy tribes, and gaze in wonder at the restless millions of God's creatures.

Different causes continually combine to change the character of the earth's surface; and its aspect is constantly affected by successive races of vegetables, which come and go at the bidding of the Almighty. Yesterday they appeared as the green of the earth; to-day they rustle as they flutter in the breeze; and to-morrow they are not—their very remains have been buried from our sight, and have passed into dust. But new life sports itself upon the ruins of the old. Other

tribes are carried thither, and find a pleasant home after many a mile of weary journeying. Thus it is that the history of many an oceanic isle is replete with untold wonders, and appears as a "romance in real life." The vegetative life of many a zoophyte is spent in the accumulation of a structure—the coral reef—that is destined to withstand the surging shock of waters powerful enough to dislodge the hardest granite. The marine reef is formed, and then comes the agency of earth, and air, and flood, to plant this new realm of the ocean, and to convert this snare of shipwreck and death into a harbor of safety and profit—an asylum of luxury and repose. Simple, indeed, are the means employed—wonderful the change effected—

"The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave has been."

To trace the wanderings of plants effected by the various agencies which God has ordained, will show how important the exception to a great natural law may become in the economy of his works. For notwithstanding the wide diffusion of some species, the rule that plants are circumscribed in their limits is eminently applicable in most cases.

The influence of winds in scattering far and wide the germs of vegetable life is every-where apparent. Not a breeze passes our dwellings but bears along the seeds of plants, which only wait a proper resting-place to spring into life. The various appendages to these seeds, evidently intended to transport them to distant localities, furnish abundant evidence of design in their construction. Some are covered with tiny hooks, by which they adhere to passers-by, whether animals or men. Others receive feathery appendages and wings capable of bearing them in the air as they are driven by its currents. Thus, as a familiar

illustration, flocks of thistle and dandelion seed may frequently be seen floating in the air in immense numbers, and often, to the dismay of the careful agriculturist, alighting in his fields. Of the comparatively small number of plants known to Linnaeus, one hundred and thirty-eight genera were spoken of as bearing winged seeds. Where wind blows so constantly from one point as to cause an inclination of the branches of the trees in an opposite direction, as is the case in the region of the "Trades," we can readily imagine how seeds thus sustained in the air may be driven great distances, across large bodies of water, and into strange countries. Not only light seeds, and those buoyed up by means of feathery appendages and wings, are thus transported, but heavier ones, and even the branches of trees and shrubs bearing fruit, are often driven hurriedly along by the violent wind-storms which visit all climates, and are common in the tropics. The fearful power of tornadoes can scarcely be appreciated except by witnessing their effects. Even in this latitude houses are frequently unroofed or wholly removed, trunks of large trees twisted off, and wide belts of forest leveled to the ground. Carrying, as the smallest portion of their burden, the largest fruits, they rush by at the rate of eighty or a hundred miles in an hour, and must undoubtedly transport them far from their place of growth. Only let these seeds be deposited in some stream or current of the ocean, and they may be drifted still farther, and yet find a favorable spot to vegetate upon. Schleiden, in speaking of the vast *steppes* of Central Asia, describes a plant of the thistle family whose withered branches assume the shape of a ball. The stalk rotting off at the ground, this bleached skeleton of the desert skips wildly over the plain, and frequently several of them, becoming entangled together, career in this singular manner before the storm-king of the north. So also are winged insects, and tufts of grass and other plants with seeds, frequently driven up the sides of mountains to thousands of feet in height. Thus Professor Boussingault, who ascended the Gneiss Mountains of Caracas, watched for an hour balls of grass-haulm ascending from the adjacent valley to the summit of the Silla, a height of nearly six thousand feet. These floating tufts were at first supposed to be flocks of birds rising and then descending to the sea-coast.

Cryptogamic plants, producing, in immense numbers, spores exceedingly minute, are liable to become widely diffused over the earth's surface. Floating unseen in the atmosphere, they are ever with us, and their presence is ever felt.

Exceedingly tenacious of life, and requiring only a resting-place and a certain degree of heat and moisture to vegetate, they play a most conspicuous part in planting new lands, and in preparing the way for higher orders of plants.

Illustrative of the fact that the cryptogamia are scarcely circumscribed at all in their limits, it may be stated that of the two hundred species of lichens brought to England by Sir J. Ross from the southern hemisphere, nearly all were found to be common to the northern, and even to Europe also. Only a small proportion of the North American fungi are peculiar to this continent. Indeed, so very minute are the spores of this class that Fries supposed them to be capable of being raised in the air by evaporation.

Lichens are found every-where upon the trunks of trees and in the crevices of rocks. Mosses and liverworts meet us at every step, and hide the nakedness of earth with many a cloak of green. Most of the species of the flowerless plants are the hardy pioneers of vegetable life. Undaunted by the most barren wastes, unchecked by the barest rock, they build up, little by little, a foundation for successive orders to work upon. Each new-comer finds a home prepared and ready for its reception, and, as it in turn passes away, its remains are shaded by its successor. Thus layer after layer of vegetable mold accumulates, till at length, years after the naked rock rose from the bosom of the waters, the rising sun breaks through a canopy of green, and busy tribes of higher life sport unseen in the cloistered shades. We here see that where the great work of planting a country ends, is the point at which the labor of *man* commences. Ages after the humble plant settled upon the barren reef the noble monuments of its labors are leveled to the dust. The ringing stroke of the woodman's ax breaks in upon the silence of nature, and the rattling, crashing thunder of the falling trees reverberates through the recesses of the forest. Then upon the smoldering ruins rise the glories of man's industry, and the long series of improvements is completed.

Currents play a most conspicuous part in the dissemination of seeds and plants. The torrents which pour down the sides of mountains are often freighted with the vegetation which the impetuous waters have undermined and carried along with them. The smallest of our hill-side brooks presents, during any time of freshet, daily illustration of the uprooting and drifting far away of plants growing upon the shores. It is, however, in those great rivers of the world that receive many tributaries that we meet with striking examples of the vast power of running water in

transporting to great distances entire forest-trees, and in committing to the bosom of the sea many of the seeds which have matured thousands of miles inland.

Darwin relates that the islands near the mouth of the Parana, in South America, are clothed with orange and peach trees, the pits having been carried thither by the river. Green rafts, composed in part of canes and brushwood, are constantly found in this stream; and not only are many species of plants thus floated away, but even animals are sometimes seen grouped together, and sailing in this singular manner toward the south. The Amazon also abounds in these floating masses, and to so great an extent, that canoes have frequently to be propelled with great caution to avoid a fatal collision with them. The many frightful disasters which have occurred in past years upon the Mississippi furnish a painfully-interesting chapter in the history of western civilization. Taking its rise far north, receiving many powerful tributaries, flowing through a valley of unsurpassed luxuriance, and emptying itself at last into tropical waters, the very greatness of this river contributes to its dangers. Drifting down immense quantities of timber, mud, and brush, it is continually tearing down old banks and building up new. Entire trees are floated by its waters, and the roots not unfrequently becoming entangled at the bottom of the river, their denuded trunks threaten with destruction vessels ascending the current. Not only the Mississippi, but many of its tributaries abound in the "green rafts" we have mentioned. Timber, brush-wood, and other materials are frequently caught and retained by sand-bars, snags, and islands; and the whole catching the sediment as it passes through with the water, a floating mass is soon formed, upon which soon spring up a variety of rapidly-growing plants. The roots of these tend still farther to bind all together, and but a short period elapses before it becomes a miniature island, rising and falling with the water. As illustrating this upon a grand scale the "raft of the Atchafalaya" may be mentioned. This river is an arm of the Mississippi, and its direction is such that a large portion of the drift-wood brought down by the latter is collected and retained where the channels of the two streams unite. In about thirty-eight years the whole formed an immense raft, ten miles in length, two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet in thickness. The whole was a mere floating mass upon the surface of the river, and rose and fell with the water. And yet shrubs and trees had found their home upon its surface, and flow-

ers sported their varied beauties upon its heaving bosom. It still continued to increase for eighteen years—till 1835—when trees were found growing upon it sixty feet high. The attempt was then made to clear it away, and the whole was removed, with great labor and expense, in four years.

Now, only let such a raft become detached from its moorings, and imagination only can follow it in its course or trace its various wanderings. Floating with the current, it might slowly find its way to the ocean, be wafted far away to some strange land, and become to it a second ark, freighted not only with a variety of plants and seeds, but even with "things creeping innumerable," and many of the smaller animals. Nor is this really a fanciful conjecture; for those same floating bodies are constantly met with in the ocean, and have even been known to land upon the coast animals of prey, and in one instance, at least, a *boa-constrictor*.

It is not by means of green rafts and timber only that the germs of vegetable life are scattered beyond the limits of their original localities. Seeds themselves, with perhaps a small proportion of stem and foliage attached, are constantly drifted by ocean currents vast distances, and, after being immersed for many days, still retain the power of germinating. Darwin, in his experiments, has shown that a large proportion of the seeds of various plants will grow well after an immersion in salt water of from twenty-eight to forty-two days. Such being the case, and calculating from the average rate of motion in Atlantic currents—thirty-three nautical miles per day—we see that seeds might thus traverse, uninjured by the exposure, one thousand or fourteen hundred miles. To these chances we have also to add, that many species bear seeds so protected by capsules and other means as to be, in many instances, almost water-proof. Those islands of the sea, which, in all their robes of living green, break upon our vision as the creation of an hour, are indebted for all their verdure to the currents of the ocean. These seem to be in the hands of the Almighty as ministering angels pouring into the lap of the lonely isle the richest treasures of older lands. When seeds have been drifted to the shore they are, in most cases, not in a position suited to their wants, and other agencies must be called in to complete the task so auspiciously begun. Thus we see the seed covered with down, after having floated hundreds of miles, driven far up the bank by some high-running wave, and left there by the receding waters. Here it remains till dried by the sun and air, when it once again

plumes its wings for airy flight, and wasted by the sea-breeze far inland, springs up from the bosom of old mother Earth, and becomes a "stranger in a strange land." Others are devoured by birds, which constantly resort to the coast, and are carried in their stomachs, through which they frequently pass unaltered, many leagues from the place of their deposit. The rapid flight of these animals is highly favorable to the transportation of seeds, not only between different localities of the same country, but even across considerable bodies of water. It is well known that many species fly at the rate of forty, fifty, and even ninety miles in an hour, and would thus, in a continuous flight of a few hours, travel over no inconsiderable space of either land or water. If before taking wing they had eaten of any of the pulpy fruit inclosing hard-shelled kernels, or had gorged themselves with seeds difficult of digestion, the best-tilled fields in the vicinity of their resting-place at night would soon furnish abundant evidence of their presence upon that occasion. In this respect many birds are highly injurious in well-cultivated districts, many acres being in this manner overrun with noxious weeds. Migratory birds afford, perhaps more than any other, amusement to the sportsman. Vast quantities are frequently killed, and are left to decay upon the ground or are otherwise disposed of. In the first case the contents of the crop are placed at times in most favorable situations for vegetation; and in the latter very many seeds are often scattered upon the ground with the refuse portions of the game.

Thus it is that winds, currents, and various animals assist in scattering far and wide the germs of vegetable life. Not only these, however, but man, many times to his own loss and sorrow, has contributed not a little to the diffusion of plants over the broad acres of the earth. Carrying with him his cultivated vegetables of every kind, and accompanied by his domestic animals, he is followed at every step by marauding vagrants, who prey upon his industry, and sport themselves upon the ruins which he leaves behind. Indeed, seeds are continually conveyed in the articles of commerce, in the ballast of ships, and in the collections of naturalists; so that no matter how broad the ocean, how trackless the desert, or how extensive the wilderness, if only man has crossed the one or traversed the others, the very footprints of his march are found in the plants which have followed him. It is the same, whether it be seen among the busy haunts of men in favored climes, or by the ruined hut of the Esquimaux in that terrible region of eternal frost. The examples of

the wanderings of plants here given are but illustrations of the changing relations of the different tribes of the vegetable kingdom. The aspect of nature is being constantly renewed; and while decay is stamped upon the little and the great, we look in vain for that abiding constancy which will be found only in those glorious realms, where "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree;" and when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

We know—we feel, indeed—that every thing earthly changes. The sturdy oak, counting its age by hundreds of years, braving for centuries the fury of the elements, and sheltering beneath its broad and ample foliage the members of successive generations, at last succumbs to him of tyrant rule, and crumbles into dust. The mold that fastens on our tomb, our tomb itself, our memory, and all that is left of us to cherish, are swept away by the resistless surges of time's old ocean. But all the phenomena of nature are fraught with the most instructive lessons of God's wisdom. And while they proclaim to us in thundering tones his greatness and his power, they breathe into our willing hearts the feeling of grateful remembrance of all the evidences of his goodness and his love.

Let us then humbly seat ourselves at the feet of our great Instructor, and listen to the gentle teachings of his holy word: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together. That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and that the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

FRIENDSHIP.

It is not surprising that ordinary friendships are generally so frail, false, and treacherous, and that there should be more credit in breaking them off than in perpetuating them. The common friendship of the world is the most corrupt and selfish thing imaginable. It is the pursuit of individual aims under the guise of pretended attachment; it is the homage which the poor and humble pay to the purse-proud and rich, and consists of cringing and degrading servilities based upon apertures in *specie*. Let us have no friendships such as these, in which duplicity is the condition, submission the tribute, and dishonor the sacrifice.

THE DYING CHILD.
FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY WALTER WELDON.

CHILD.

O, MOTHER, list the solemn strain
So gently falling on mine ear!
It dies—but softly comes again—
How canst thou sleep? O, wake and hear!

MOTHER.

My child, I listen, but to me
All silent seems; thou hast but heard
Rustling upon the walnut-tree
Some brown leaf by the night-wind stirr'd.

CHILD.

No—it's the chorus of a band
Of heavenly angels fair and bright;
I see them! O, I see them! And
They call me. I must go—good-night!

MY PEARL.

BY MRS. HARRIET NOYES.

Ur from such depths of human agony
As only mothers measure, I had brought
One clear, soft pearl.
Its pure and changeless light
Mysterious impress bore, dimly divine,
My darkness spanning to the Infinite.

I set it in my home, and other joys
Its hallowing radiance wore, while even griefs,
Which erst were only griefs, served but to lend
Intenser glory to my priceless pearl.
How all the sweet, instinctive tenderness
Of human nature rallied and grew strong,
Stronger than death, about the household jewel;
And ceaseless vigil kept, with prayers and tears,
Lest some rude breath of an unfriendly world
Should dim its brightness!

While swift-footed Time
Dropped days and golden years, and all so full
Of bliss, I might have dreamed this love-lit home
Should be immortal. Care no more was care,
And pain was pain no more, for love's sweet sake.
One night, with mute amaze, I watched the light
Fade from my jewel as the sun went down.
I stretched my eager gaze, hoped against hope;
No clear, soft beam illuminated it again.
Appalled and groping, yet I only knew
'T was dark, all dark; my heart could feel no more.
It seemed my bitter cry might fill the world,
And stop life's hurrying tread, that men might hear,
And help me in the blackness of the dark.

I lift my tired arms toward the pitying sky—
Did the sweet heavens in mercy open far,
Far back before that yearning, piercing sight?
I saw the encircling glory of the Head
I helped to crown with thorns—no more my thorns—
O, mothers, hear me!—but the flashing rays
Of earth-won jewels—with them, my lost pearl.
And with th' unnumbered host, who come and go

As waves of light around the empyreal throne,
I too adored, and blessed his holy Name.

The heavens infold the vision from my sight,
But earth is dark no more. I know the pearl
Is shining there—no longer mine. 'T is well
If its pure ray be added to His crown.

THE FERRYMEN AT THE RIVER OF DEATH.

BY LILY LICHEN.

O, MANY and long are the ways we go,
As we tread the shores of time;
But, when their wearisome turns are past,
The feet of the pilgrims all meet at last,
Where the river of Death is flowing fast,
With its measured, ceaseless chime.

Two ferrymen wait on that river's brink,
For the souls at their journey's end:
One wears a garment unstained and white,
And his eyes are clear as the noonday light,
And his arm is strong in an angel's might,
And to all around a splendor bright
His radiant features lend.

But the other stands in the midnight gloom,
All wrapped in a robe of woe;
There's a scowl of hate on his fiendish brow,
And serpents coil 'round his vessel's prow,
And the waters boil below.

The child comes down with a beaming eye,
And a fearless step and mien;
He stretches his hands to the angel-guide,
And the waves are hushed as they swiftly glide
To the shores that smile on the other side,
In a robe of fadeless green.

The strong man comes in the sin of years,
But his step is firm no more,
And the white-robed angel wipes a tear;
But the fiend, with a shriek of hellish cheer,
Clutches him fast as he flies in fear,
And pushes from the shore.

O, madly the waters are dashing now;
But the ferrymen laughs in glee—
'Mid the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar,
He lands the soul on the flaming shore
Of an endless misery.

But o'er the Christian, young or old,
This ferrymen has no power;
For the angel smiles on the pilgrim then,
And the fiend cowers back to his shadowy den,
Where the clouds of midnight lower.

But none who have stained their hearts with guile,
Or with blood defiled their hand,
May ever sit at the angel's side,
And o'er smooth waters calmly glide
To the blessed, heavenly land.

WHAT use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation?
The hearer makes thereof inverted application.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

BY AN EDITOR.

MOST nations inhabit countries ready-made. They land on an island, or they press onward into some unappropriated wilderness, and there they sow fields and plant vineyards. But the nation of Europe, by far the thirstiest and most frugal, has in a great measure created its own country. By running out into the shallow sea dikes and embankments, and then pumping off the brine, the Hollanders have reclaimed a vast surface from the watery waste; and now on spots where fishes used to be caught, and where ships rode at anchor, cattle graze, gardens blossom, and people go out and in among the thriving villages.

To the people of the Netherlands their territory has been an excellent teacher. Says the shore gently shelving, "Take pains, and I will repay you. Drive a few piles, interweave them with branches, and fill up the interstices with mud, and at once you have an estate—a little place of your own, on which you may grow roots and herbs, or pasture a cow. And if you take the produce to the nearest market, you will get money; and with that money you may hire labor, and take in more land from this shallow ocean, or this oozy marsh; and thus, adding field to field, you may at last bequeath a goodly freehold to your grateful children." Which is just the philosophy of industry. Every one of us is born on the edge of an ocean, not very deep at the margin; and under that ocean there lies a boundless expanse of wealth, knowledge, moral worth, ascendancy over others; but every man has to conquer his own acquisition for himself. Many lazy or sanguine spirits are content to lie half slumbering on the shore. They hope that some happy morning fame, or a fortune, or a fine estate, may rise to the surface, and come floating to their feet; and, while they drowse and dream, life wastes away, and they die inglorious and poor. But others begin the battle of existence like these brave old Batavians. They say, "I have a goodly heritage; but it is still under water. It is still a matter of faith; for it is a thing not seen as yet: but I must raise it from the deep; I must bring it to the light. I must redeem a little portion to begin withal; and when I have made sure of that first installment, it will be a little capital on the strength of which I may proceed to conquer more."

Such, we repeat, is the philosophy of industry. Solomon expressed it when he said, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." The Savior expressed it when he said, "To him that hath shall

be given." It is by a process of steady industry and cheerful perseverance that the most learned man has reclaimed his information from the abyss of ignorance; and it is by a growth in goodness—by line upon line and by improvement on improvement that the holiest man, with God's help and blessing, has gained for himself his present excellence and well-earned reputation. And it is of great moment to be rooted and grounded in this first principle—this universal law of individual progress. It is of great importance especially, dear young friends, to you. The principle is, that however poor, ignorant, or prone to evil, we are born, God gives to each a glorious opportunity. If true to him, and if rightly alive to our great advantages, we may make our fortune. We may become rich intellectually, morally, spiritually.

At the Roman Propaganda there are always in process of training, with a view to their becoming missionaries, young men from all the ends of the earth, and representing nearly all the races of mankind; and on the day which concludes the yearly session, it is curious to hear essays read and orations delivered in Italian, French, and English; Russ and Polish; Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic; Chinese and Hindooostanee; Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish. And had you been present ten years ago, you might have heard an old man conversing fluently in every one of these, and, if needful, speaking fifty languages "almost as correctly as a native." And you could not but have wondered at the prodigy; and, probably, the only explanation would have been, "Mezzofanti has been born a linguist." But Mezzofanti was born just such a linguist as the rest of us—linguists who, for the first year or two, can not speak our mother tongue; and it was by diligently attending that, after learning his mother tongue, he learned first Greek, and then other languages, till his one talent had gained fifty talents more.

So extended has the domain of science latterly become, that no man now has universal learning; but two hundred years ago there were such men. And it was an august and impressive thing to look upon Bacon, or Grotius, or Selden, and think, "There is a living encyclopedia. There is a man who knows all that is knowable—a man who has taken a survey of all nature, and who has read the story of the world." And yet there was a day when that paragon of erudition knew nothing: there was a day when every page of that living encyclopedia was still blank paper: and it was by steady perseverance, stumbling over many difficulties, and denying himself many youthful indulgences—it was by bracing up the spirit, and

bringing the body under—that at last he came in the pantathlete, the victor of all fights and the winner of every prize.

And so, youthful reader, you who are still at school or college, or who, having quitted them, have not yet lost the learning faculty, God invites you to a splendid heritage. You have your choice. As the subject of your study, you may select the glories overhead or the wonders underfoot—the architecture of the starry canopy or the structure of the solid globe. You may try to investigate those mechanic or mimetic arts in which the hand of man multiplies its force in overwhelming enginery, or evokes and expresses the indwelling spirit in its painted or sculptured creations. You may prefer the treasures of beautiful thought and exquisite diction which have descended to us in the cold but pellucid page of classic authorship, like Alpine relics entombed in their crystal catacombs; or you may devote yourself to glean the wisdom and the momentous lessons for the future which come hurtling down the noisy stream of modern history. But whatever topic you select, be sure that it is worthy, then cling to it and work it well. The hour of study which the dishonest scholar spends in shamming, in gazing at a task which he is not learning, or in copying a theme which he has not composed—do you bestow in earnest industry; and the evening hour which idle companions spend in mischief, in sport, or in needless slumber, do you employ in mastering the solid book, in writing out your abstract, or in revising former acquisitions. And thus, although you should not become a first-rate scholar or a famous sage, you will amass a fund of information which will enrich all your future years, and which, while embellishing every sphere you fill, and adding to your mental stature, will unspeakably enhance your power to serve your generation.

And what is true of mental acquirements is true of moral conquests.

In surveying any finished specimen of Christian excellence, we are apt to fall into one of two mistakes. We are apt to imagine that goodness so preëminent is the result of some peculiar natural felicity; or we excuse ourselves for our own short-coming by ascribing it entirely to some arbitrary operation of God's Spirit, who has been kinder to that man than he is disposed to be to us.

Now, it is very true, that some have natural exemptions from faults by which others are beset; and it is equally true, that there is no genuine goodness in the soul of man of which the source must not be sought in the Spirit of God. And yet it is just as true, that with or without

natural felicities, all the noblest characters in the annals of true piety are characters which have grown by degrees, and which have got on by installments. It is just as true that the men who have "grown in grace" are the men who have "given diligence;" and that the men whom the Spirit of God has really "worked in" are the men who have "worked out" their own salvation.

Let us then turn to those who have been brought to choose the better part and the holier life, and who in Christ Jesus have found the motive to a new and holy ambition, as well as the model of all excellence. And to such we do not scruple to say, that to their moral and spiritual attainments there need be no limits, save the limits of humanity. Looking, then, into the "law of liberty"—that standard of excellence which insists on attainments so high, yet leaves scope so ample for free and individual development—are you struck with the beauty of holiness? Do the lives of its worthies fill you with emulous admiration, and do the beatitudes of the Master strike you with a humbling despair? Would you give the world for the boldness of Elijah or the meekness of Moses—for Joseph's purity or Daniel's devotion? And when you think how bright was the career of John and Paul, and the apostle-like men who have followed—as you kiss their beautiful footsteps and weep over them tears of envy—does the wonder ever cross you, whether, indeed, it be possible still thus to burn and shine on the way to everlasting blessedness? And would it be more to you than a kingdom or a crown if you could hope to follow those who along a path so heavenly have passed away to a world so holy and a society so sublime?

Then, such distinction may indeed be yours. Setting your eye on the Great Example—surrendering to the guidance of God's word and Spirit—you may not be a second John, or a second Enoch, or a second Paul; but, what is far better, you may become the disciple needed in the present age, the epistle of Jesus Christ as adapted to the present age, as were these others to their living time. But into that full-grown and finished piety no magic will transform you—no momentary aspiration nor passing effort will uplift you. It will be the result of patience and persistent years—the return to many and importunate prayers—the reward of a protracted struggle—the achievement of a perseverance which, if vouchsafed at all, you will be the first and fainest to confess is the gift and doing of God's good Spirit.

But if it is to be yours, sincerity will commence at once. Your Christian character is yet

to form; and it is wisdom's part to begin to-day. The visionary may lie upon the beach and lounge away the summer, picturing his Atlantis—his Elysium rising from the deep; but the man who is really on the way to wealth is the man who is driving his stakes, and running out his rampart, and rescuing from the muddy tide a few rods of the submerged surface. Be you that man. Be you the man who begins to-day. Be you the man who confesses, "My better character is all to form; and if it ever come into existence, it must be as a reprisal from the howling deep of ungodliness, the troubled sea of sin. But I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. To his service and honor I devote myself, and in his strength and name I would at once go forth against my besetting sins. And if he will kindly strengthen me, I may hope to gain some ground even before this evening's setting sun." And armed with this mind, a few days of prayerful watchfulness would do more than years of barren speculation to cure your faults, to confirm your faith, and to improve your character.

It is to be feared that many persons forfeit their opportunity, and fall short of everlasting life, for want of these two things—precision and promptitude. Instead of doing something definite, they are content with vague generalities; and instead of doing instantly what their hand finds to do, life slips away in the daily intention to begin to-morrow. To illustrate what we mean: In his Second Epistle St. Peter says, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure;" or, in one word, "Give diligence to insure salvation." And this counsel is quite general; but in the parallel context it is opened up into various particulars, and the same apostle, who in the tenth verse says, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure," in the fifth verse says, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fail; and so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." And you can easily understand the value of these particulars. It is as if a father were in one case saying to his son, "Try to earn a competence;" and in the other, "Try to add to this house a field; and to this field a thousand pounds of funded money; for if you do that you won't fall into absolute poverty; you will have a provision for sickness or old age." It is as if one man wrote on the first

page of his New-Year's Journal, "This year I shall give diligence to improve my mind;" and another wrote, "This year, by giving diligence, I hope to add to my knowledge of French the rudiments of Greek; and to the Greek Grammar I hope to add the study of the New Testament in the original tongue; and to the study of the Greek Testament I hope to add the perusal of Neander's History; and to Neander I hope to add D'Aubigne." Is it not evident that by giving a definite aim this precision would give heart to diligence, and is it not a more hopeful promise than vast and high-sounding resolutions?

So says the apostle, not vaguely nor as one beating the air, "Add to your faith courage. You say that you believe in Christ; confess him. And to courage add knowledge—a large acquaintance with God's truth—a sound and enlightened understanding. And to knowledge add temperance—self-mastery, superiority to sensual delights, abstinence from evil. And to temperance, patience—fortitude in pain, forgiveness of injuries, meekness and magnanimity. And to patience, godliness—a devout and adoring spirit—that frame of mind to which God is the nearest presence, and a present God the chiefest joy. And to godliness, brotherly-kindness—that new affection to which the Church is the adopted family, and to which the friends of Christ are dear as brothers. And to brotherly-kindness add charity—that benevolence which has a helping hand for every need and a sympathy for every sorrow."

Those who live on a peradventure are too likely to perish. You fancy you have hold of a rope which can draw you a thousand feet—even to the top of this precipice; but let us see if you have such a hold as can lift you to the lowest ledge—as can even raise you from the ground. You hope that you have faith; that is, you hope that you have such a grasp of the Gospel as can draw you up to heaven: but let us see if you have such a grasp as can lift you above one besetting sin—as can elevate you to the lowest platform of Christian holiness. Test your faith in Christ and evince your own sincerity by keeping one of his commandments.

And brought to this simple test, is the Lord Jesus to you so really living and so present, so dear and so divine, that from knowing the grief which the sins of others gave him, and the delight which goodness always yields him, it is at least your occasional effort to do such things as he himself and his loved disciples did—at least your frequent effort to resist and vanquish evil? Are you giving such diligence to make your calling and election sure, as to be giving diligence to

cultivate any single attribute of the Christian character—the patience or the brotherly-kindness, the godliness or the charity? Or with the red-cross ensign at the head of the mast and the helm in the hand of presumption, are you yielding to the course of this world and floating securely through the fog, as if the course of this world would not end in the ingulphing eddy, and drown you in perdition—a name of Christ, but no departer from iniquity—a sayer of “Lord! Lord!” but no doer of the things which the Savior commands you?

And if there is danger in vague generalities—if, in the concerns of the soul, there is need for the same closeness of inquiry and minuteness of inspection which we devote to the perishing interests of time, and without which our most flattering hopes would only prove illusion and disaster—there is wisdom in promptitude. If, then, the misgiving crosses any mind, “Mine is the Christian creed rather than the Christian character,” you have need of instant diligence, lest, after all your profession, you fall at last, and miss in the end an entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Temptations await you. Even while you are reading this paper these temptations stand round you; and as soon as you have laid it down some of them will be sure to accost you—temptations to anger, to duplicity, to dissipation, to indolence, to self-display. But still nearer than these temptations is your omnipresent Lord and Master. Cast yourself on his gracious protection; and, advancing in his name and strong in his recollected presence, you may find yourself more than conqueror. Should he thus perfect his strength in your weakness, betwixt the actual work overtaken, and the happiness diffused by courteous words, kind looks, and friendly offices, he may give you the comfort of a well-spent day, and so inspire with fresh hope the prayers and efforts of the morrow.

Or, should you fall short—should you fail of your desire and endeavor, the very disappointment may do you good, if it leads you to add more devotion to your diligence. There is an undevout diligence which makes a man pert and self-conceited, and which gives him a Laodicean complacency, “I am rich, and increased in goods,” while the Savior, who knows his works, declares, “Thou art wretched, and poor, and miserable;” and there is an orthodox indolence which, by high-pitched profession, tries to make up for defective practice—a Sardian self-deception which has a name to live and is dead, and to which the Savior says, “Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die: for I

have not found thy works perfect before God.” But that is the truly Christian temperament where the devotion is diligent, and the diligence is devout—where, like Smyrna, the man knows his poverty, but where knowledge of that poverty sends him to the Savior, and that Savior, in the very act of strengthening him, says, “I know thy poverty; but thou art rich:” the prayer which is the root and prelude of action—the action which is the amen to prayer.

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON POETRY

AS SHOWN IN ENGLAND'S LITERARY HISTORY.

IT would be an interesting occupation to trace in the history of England, the connection between her literature and her religion; to show that her progress in letters kept pace, for ages, with her gradual emancipation from Romish tyranny, error, and superstition; and that, since the Reformation, her brightest periods of literary excellence have ever been the periods most remarkable in her religious annals. To show this in respect of any species of English literature would be sufficiently easy; but it is to the poetry of our land, that we would, at present, look for the illustration of the fact thus suggested to the reader's attention.

It was while Wicliffe, “the morning-star of the Reformation,” was denouncing the flagrant corruptions of Popery, that Chaucer, “the father of English poetry,” was bringing to light the poetical capabilities of his land's language. A convert to the faith of the early Reformer, he was an earnest student of that book whose translation by Wicliffe laid the foundation of the modern tongue, as well as the purified faith of England; and he drew, as other poets have drawn, from the sublime imagery of the Bible, his highest inspiration.

With mental illumination and cultivation, the popular impatience of the Papal yoke advanced side by side; and the age of Wicliffe and Chaucer might, so far as man could see, have ushered in that of the English Reformation. The hour, however, of Rome's discomfiture had not yet come; and, to the finite perceptions of man, it might have appeared that in the civil wars which ensued—those sanguinary engagements which have been distinguished by the gentle name of “the Wars of the Roses”—the Scriptural seed which Wicliffe had sown must inevitably be trodden down and destroyed; and that, with pure religion, her handmaiden, poetry, must be driven away from the distracted land. The times of the Tudors

were, however, approaching, and a new onset was about to be made on the strongholds of superstition and ignorance. The reign of Henry VIII was a period of religious uncertainty and transition; and the popular mind was then in England, as it would seem to have been, during similar periods, in all ages and countries, in a state little favorable to intellectual progress. The momentous questions, however, then at issue between the supporters of the Papacy and the adherents of the reformed faith, called forth the energies of some of the most highly-gifted minds of the age; and the annals of the reign of the eighth Henry, as well as that of his gentle son and successor, are illustrated by names which are permanently associated with the cultivation of the language, and with the large increase of the literary riches, of England.

The rule of the young Edward, however, was brief and disturbed; and the accession of his sister Mary, on his early death, threatened to throw back both religion and letters into the darkness from which they had emerged. Had the national emancipation from ancient ecclesiastical authority been simply the work of the despot, Henry, it might, as a modern historian observes, have been undone by the premature death of Edward VI. The martyrdoms, however, of Queen Mary's days prove the operation of a deeper agency in favor of Protestantism than the mere will of a king. Henry the Eighth had, indeed, cast off the yoke of the Pope, had dissolved the monastic establishments of England, and had sanctioned, within certain limits, the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue—and this was much; but the transition stage between Popery and Protestantism was not completed till the close of Mary's reign; and till a host of men, women, and children, including Archbishop Cranmer—who, in the last scene of his life, triumphed nobly over the infirmity of his physical nature—and Bishops Hooper, Ridley, and Latimer, had been added to the noble army of martyrs.

Very bright, intellectually, was the day which dawned upon England when the Protestant Queen, Elizabeth, ascended her throne. Shakspeare, Sidney, Spencer, Raleigh, Bacon, Hooker, amid a crowd of lesser luminaries—all children of the Reformation—illustrated this great era of English literature, improving the structure of her language, giving it dignity and harmony, and exemplifying its power, both in prose and verse. It was, however, the preëminent importance of the object of their labors that gave to some of the best writers of this brilliant age their strongest claims upon the gratitude of posterity. In lan-

guage at once terse, vigorous, and harmonious, they exposed the fundamental errors of the Papal system; effectually impressing upon the popular mind the utter worthlessness, *considered as a price paid for salvation and reconciliation with God*, not only the whole apparatus of the "will-worship" of Rome, her penances, her mortifications, and her onerous round of outward observances; but also of any system of duties that man can impose upon himself—of any works that he can perform; and setting forth Christ crucified as the *only* ground of a sinner's hope, the *one* Mediator between God and man; nor is it too much to say, that in the Scriptural doctrines which such writers inculcated, and in the spirit of intellectual freedom which, as Protestants, they fostered and diffused, lay the real foundation of the glory of the Tudor age.

James I was an encourager of learning; but his reign, especially its latter portion, was darkened by the gathering of the clouds which burst with destructive fury in the days of his unhappy successor. Afterward came civil war; and then the stern days of Puritanism, in which it appeared as if the ax which had laid the monarch low, had also been laid to the root of whatever was graceful in literature or in art. Yet even in this severe age Protestantism was the nurse of poetry. "Milton," observes a judicious writer, "was the poet of Christianity; but in a stricter sense he was the poet of *English Christianity*;" namely, of Protestantism—of the religion of the Bible, as opposed to the vain round of superstitious and ritual observances, of which the Romish system is mainly compounded. The influence of religion was powerfully felt in England during the stormy period of the Great Rebellion. "Compare the history of the English Commonwealth with that of the French republic, and doubt, if you can, of the immense benefits that England has derived from the Bible. The age of Cromwell displayed much error, much fanaticism, much hypocrisy; but it also displayed much of that holy zeal which seeks the honor of God and the good of man. With this better spirit Milton was deeply imbued. He was the poet of his country and his time."

The severity of the Puritan era, to say nothing of its fanaticism and hypocrisy, produced its natural consequences; and the reaction which ensued is painfully apparent in the licentious character of the literature, and especially of the poetry, of the Restoration. At this period flourished Dryden, whose reproach it is that, with all his powers of mind and advantages of education, he showed himself unable to withstand the evil influences

of his age. Having yielded to the profligacy of the times of Charles II, this great poet declared himself, soon after King James's accession, when the "religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favor,"* a convert to Popery, and was employed by the Romish priests in writing or translating several prose works in support of the faith of his adoption. His success, however, by no means equalled the expectations to which his known abilities had given rise. "Having probably," says Johnson, "felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profession. *To reason in verse* was, indeed, one of his powers; but his subtlety and harmony united are still feeble, WHEN OPPOSED TO TRUTH."

Dryden must be considered as the founder of that school of poetry of which Pope afterward became the head. Whereas the writers of the Elizabethan age are characterized by the originality, strength, and vigor of their conceptions, and by the boldness of their execution; those of the more modern and more artificial school are principally distinguished by musical versification, elegance, and ease; and these excellences being easier of attainment or of imitation, than are the sterner and higher qualities which have stamped immortality upon the productions of some of the older writers, the leaders of the more modern school of poetry have been followed by a host of imitators, among whom comparatively few have obtained or deserved celebrity. Dryden, indeed, exhibited a soundness of understanding and a force of thought which placed him beyond the reach of the common herd of copyists; but Pope has had his disciples without number. His lines have, it is true, a mellifluous flow, which may almost be pronounced inimitable; but the structure of his verse was easily copied by writers who were alike destitute of his mental cultivation, his command of diction, his luxuriance of fancy, and his exquisite delicacy of ear. It became, therefore, the fashion to make verses, and to make them after the model which Pope had rendered popular; but of poets to whose works time has affixed the irrevocable stamp awarded only to genius, not more than a very small number can be reckoned between the age of Pope and that of Cowper. Goldsmith, indeed, whose name will here at once occur to the reader, has won for himself a permanent place in the hearts of all who can be

touched by beautiful sentiments expressed in a style of incomparable simplicity and grace; and the poems of Gray, for other, and in some respects opposite, reasons, will never cease to be duly appreciated. Thomson, Young, and Aken-side have also attained each his separate niche in the Temple of Fame; and there are others whose names are preserved, although their works are little known. In the main, however, the period above indicated was a dark interval in respect of English poetry; and it is surely a fact deserving notice, that it was the very period, during the early part of which religion seemed to have lost her hold on the land. The following passage conveys a just idea of the torpid condition of England, with regard to religion, during the early part of the eighteenth century:

"The slumbering embers of the martyr-flame had died out; and a degeneracy of morals and profligacy of manners had spread a chilling and destructive influence over a partially-enlightened community; and infidelity, political convulsions, and even literature itself, had each contributed its quota to form a national soporific. Happily there were a few in the national pulpits who had not drank of this cup; and among the Dissenters some holy men—such as Watts and Doddridge—who well represented those who had suffered 'for conscience' sake' after the Restoration. Theological writings, too, had accumulated, which will continue to instruct and bless the Church of Christ, till she shall know even as she is known; but there was a heaviness in these folios; and too much of an evenness in the public ministrations of the word, for an age which needed a moral disturbance to prevent its sleeping the sleep of death. Arguments against infidelity, and ethics, cold though beautiful, were the usual themes of the parochial pulpit; and the withering influence of Arianism, or of a heartless orthodoxy, produced death in many of the Dissenting congregations. England and Wales, therefore, in an improved condition of politics and literature, and perhaps also of morals, was generally *be-numbed by the torpedo of formality*; and the vital feeling and zealous activity of Christianity were known to few only; and these rather mourned in secret over the state of things, than exerted themselves in public to effect an alteration."*

During the period to which the above observations refer, while the clergy of England—to use the words of a late eminent divine—"preached

* Vide Johnson's Life of Dryden.

* Preface to the "Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, by a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings."

too much from Socrates and Seneca, and too little from Christ and his everlasting Gospel;" while for plain and energetic statements of the essential and *distinguishing* doctrines of Christianity, the public teachers of religion substituted "a vain system of frigid ethics, accommodated to the pride and blindness of human reason;" poetry languished; nor was it till after that ever-memorable revival of vital religion which took place in England during the last century, that she shook herself from the dust; and as Pope was unquestionably at the head of that philosophical and brilliant, but essentially artificial school of poetical composition which illustrated the reign of Queen Anne, so was Cowper, the bard *par excellence* of the age of George III, the true founder of that modern school of poetry, which is avowedly founded upon those great religious principles of which it was his happiness to witness the revival in his native land; and in the cordial adoption of which, he found, notwithstanding the occasional attacks of an afflictive constitutional malady, the true remedy of the worst ills of fallen humanity. Having suffered long under the most severe of all bondage—the bondage of a soul laboring in vain to obtain, by its own efforts, a claim to the Divine favor—he found the simple doctrines of the Gospel the most perfect of all freedom.

"A liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised;
* * * *
E'en liberty of heart, derived from heaven;
Bought with His blood, who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token."

With a heart thus at peace, it is no wonder that Cowper should have found exquisite pleasure in the contemplation of the external beauties of creation; and out of the abundance of his heart he poured forth the healthful strains of his poetry. His was no half-pagan adoration. "*My Father made them all,*" was the reflection which lay at the foundation of his delight in hill, and dale, and flower. It would, perhaps, be difficult to mention a true poet who was not gifted with a keen sense of natural beauty; but Cowper's delight in the beauties and glories of the outward world almost amounted to a passion; and to this quality of mind he doubtless owed much of his influence for good. The conventionalities of life, and the artificial modes of society in actual use, had formed the main subjects of the race of poets who preceded him. Cowper introduced a better taste, and had powers to render it popular. In this respect it has been justly observed of him, that he was "a reformer;" for he achieved a highly-

beneficial revolution in the poetical literature of his country.

The grand truths of the Gospel had, in Cowper's time, been so recently set before the public mind, almost with the force of novelty, that for a while religious poetry appears to have maintained the Scriptural character with which he had invested it. It would seem, however, to be an unvaried rule, that "the *early* days of faith and love" are ever the purest and the best days. In every species of literature, too, it is the man of genius who *directs* the spirit of his age; while authors of inferior powers bend to that spirit, and are carried onward by it; and thus the erroneous tendencies which exhibit themselves in each generation, whether in theology, philosophy, or *belles-lettres*, are strengthened by writers whose principal aim is to minister to the popular taste; nor need it be added, that in such cases mutual reaction increases the evil. Thus at the close of the last century, when infidel sentiments were prevalent in France and Germany, infidel writers became abundant; so now in our own times the unhappily prevailing taste, whether for German "sentimentalism" or for picturesque and medieval modes of religion, has been responded to by numerous authors, both in prose and in verse; and so, we might add, the appetite for the marvelous, which is one of the features of the present day, is liberally supplied with the species of food which it craves. Our concern, however, is specially with poets; and, perhaps, upon the whole, they, of all writers, have the largest share of influence.

One poet, the last survivor of a gifted trio, whose names are usually associated with each other—Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth—believed himself to be one of the few to whom power has been given to change, and, in a great measure, to remodel the taste of their age. Those, however, who have any faith in the judgment of the great English lexicographer with regard to the style of language suited to poetry, will be inclined to doubt the soundness of the theory on which the late Mr. Wordsworth constructed several of his poetical compositions.

"Every language of a learned nation," writes Johnson, in his *Life of Dryden*, "necessarily divides itself into diction, scholastic and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross; and from a nice distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. . . .

"There was, before the time of Dryden, no *poetical diction*; no system of words, at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar or too remote

defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions or delightful images. . . . Those happy combinations which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted. We had few elegancies or flowers of speech. . . . The new versification, as it was called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse into its former savageness."

In direct opposition to the spirit of these seemingly judicious observations, it was the avowed object of Wordsworth "to imitate and, as far as possible, to adopt the *very language of men*." In his volumes there would be found, as he stated in his Preface to the second edition of his "Lyrical Ballads," "little of what is usually called *poetic diction*. I have taken," he adds, "as much pains to avoid it as others usually take to produce it." The results of this system—another part of which consisted in the choosing of the "incidents and situations" in his poems from "common, low, and rustic life"—are apparent in Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads;" a series of compositions which were undertaken with the express view of effecting a revolution in the public taste with respect to poetry; which were received, on their first appearance, with a chorus of ridicule by the principal critics of the day; and which have certainly, even in the opinion of the most determined among their author's admirers, done nothing to increase or perpetuate his fame. Wordsworth, beyond all dispute, possessed

"The vision and the faculty divine;"

but he has only proved himself to have been thus gifted, when, giving the reins to his genius, he has totally forgotten the unnatural and artificial theory by which he was voluntarily shackled.

Among the later poets who have contributed most largely to the poetical treasures with which the English language is enriched, must be mentioned one whose powers have generally been employed on noble subjects, and whose influence, extending over large masses of readers, has been exercised with a view to their spiritual advantage, no less than to their intellectual gratification. It were vain to attempt to particularize the numerous writers who, even during the last quarter of a century, have attained distinction as builders of the "lofty rhyme;" but the voluminous poetical works of Robert Montgomery demand especial notice in an article like the present.

These various productions, it must be remembered, "extend from the verge of boyhood to

mature life." They have, therefore, a peculiar interest, as exhibiting the progress of the poet's mind, and the gradual development of his powers. Had we sufficient space at command, we would endeavor to give our readers an idea of each of the more important of his poems, taking each in its chronological order. For the present, however, we must be content with a mere glance at them. And in carrying out this purpose, we prefer taking some of his shorter and less generally known poems.

Mr. Montgomery's blank verse is often remarkable for its variety of musical cadence. The following passage from "Infants and their Glory" will be felt, at least by bereaved mothers, to have singular beauty:

"But thou, fond mother! o'er thy pallid child
In coffin'd beauty for the tomb array'd,
Cold as the flowers which on it calmly lie,
Hush the wild language of thy heart's despair!
For in the twilight of our doom there flash
Gleams of instruction through the cloud of death
By wisdom darted on believing souls.
See, how the fall, when infants die, is proved,
Stung by that fatal sting, which stingeth all!
Mute sermons preach they upon primal sin,
Beyond all pulpit's in their palmiest hour
Of eloquence and truth! O, who that feels
The wear and waste of this soul-trying world,
Where life is one long martyrdom to most,
However gilded, back would o'er recall
The child of merey, unto heaven resumed?
The crown it wears, but has not fought the fight;
Reaches the goal, but has not won the race.
Balm to bereavement let this thought inspire!
But with it, may this added comfort blend,
That as eternally the dead absorbs,
Youthful or aged, our affections seek
That mystic home with more familiar sway.
'T is not a solitude which awed Amaze
Dreads to encounter; but a peopled clime,
Fill'd with the loved and lost we long to meet,
And once more welcome."

The poem, entitled "A Vision of Heaven," though marked by much poetic fire, will disappoint those who conceive that the once crucified Redeemer, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," should be the principal figure in such a vision. The adventurous poet imagines himself to see

"The Throne of awful Fire;
. . . . Before it thunders roll'd,
And vailing darkness round about it hung;
And here alone, in uncreated bliss
And glory, reigns the One Eternal Power;
Creator, Lord, and Life of all;"

and he sees

"The sages, whose immortal words
Are truthful oracles to man and mind.
* * * * *

The heroes, whose avenging swords had cut
The fetters from their land, and bade the brave
Be free!
The martyrs robed with glory; and
The sainted bards of earth;"

but amid these and some other forms with which—we think with questionable judgment—he has peopled his heaven, the risen and glorified Savior is not.

Some parts of the conclusion of this Vision, considered merely as poetry, are exceedingly beautiful.

"Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd thrones and unforgotten friends
Were recognized again! Along a mead
Of bright intensity I saw them stray;
Not anguish-worn, nor rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the blest.
O, ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd,
How oft affection through the desert-world
Delights to track ye, where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks or fancy-haunted bowers,
Blend your calm voices with the twilight breeze
In fairy music, fraught with infant-years?
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In solemn days and melancholy hours
Of you we think! Love shrines ye in the stars,
And recreates ye in celestial robes.
But while at eve's poetic hour we watch
The golden isles that glitter in the west,
In lovelier climes ye live, and chaster skies;
By choral streams and aromatic walks
Ye roam, remembering heaven-like bowers on earth,
And friends whose mansions ye survey above.
And such was *Fancy's* vision-molded heaven
Around me miniatured. Here God enthroned
In measureless perfection, truth, and power,
His unimaginable glory yields;
And thus eternal love, from Him the fount
Of love, enlightens, lives, and flows through all.
No tears, no trials, and no perils known,
No sin-worn hearts, and shatter'd feelings here,
But calm fruition of unfailing bliss:
All which the beauty of creative Thought
Hath pictured to Devotion's eye, is felt
Ineffably more beauteous by the blest.
Wisdom and virtue breathe their native air,
And Pleasures smiling on their steps attend.
Nor is the vanished world forgot; for oft
In bowers of everlasting bloom retired,
The ransom'd, by the blood of Jesu bought,
Think of the fight their spirits fought below,
Or sweetly muse o'er some terrestrial hour,
While bent to heart with holy truth responds;
Still sages feed on ever-fruitful thought;
And poets sing; and raptured knowledge mounts
From step to step, for everlasting climbing up,
Yet never on the radiant summit thronged.
Here, bliss and love eternity embrace,
And perfect mind its perfect God adores."

The death of infants is a frequent theme with Mr. Montgomery, and he treats it with a tenderness sufficiently which shows that he felt the

bereavement of which he writes. The whole of the poem entitled "Departed, not Dead," is touchingly beautiful. We quote but two stanzas:

"Farewell! farewell! departed child,
Sweet darling of the soul,
Gone to the grave, ere sin defiled
Thy conscience with control;
I mourn, my babe! but not for thee
Be calmed in Christ's eternity.
Farewell! my child! but not farewell
Forever; we shall meet
When sounds creation's dooming knell
Before the judgment-seat;
And I shall know thy little face
Amid the world's assembled race."

Here, for the present, we are compelled to take leave of Mr. Montgomery's Poetical Works. But even these brief extracts give abundant evidence of their author's claim to the title of a Christian poet. As such he is a real benefactor to his age and his race. The inspiration of his muse was the religion of the Bible.—*Englishwoman's Magazine*.

THE PRIDE-CRUSHED HEART.

BY JOHN P. LACROIX.

LUCY LEE had grown up like a blooming rose in one of our most fashionable American cities. As she was the darling of affluent parents, no pains were spared to render her happy. The damp air of evening might not blow too rudely on her joyous cheek; the foggy air of morning was never allowed to float among her luxuriant curls; and the sunshine itself could not play over her arms and neck except it first purify itself by passing through a profusion of rich curtains. Her summer months were passed with her parents at medicinal springs, or in an ever-varying succession of parties, concerts, and excursions; while her winters were usually spent at boarding-schools, in studying the ornamental branches.

Her mother ever watched with tenderest anxiety over her child's reputation. No young lady could ever form an intimacy with her who did not move in the best circles of society; and no gentleman whose respectability was unattested either by wealth or family prestige, was ever permitted to cultivate her acquaintance.

Though her mother had been raised on a farm, and had worked in the kitchen, and had milked cows, and had trudged a mile and a half along muddy roads to the village school, yet, from some cause or other, she seemed strangely to have forgotten it all. By a happy freak of fortune she had found herself, while yet young, married to afflu-

ence and mistress of a city mansion. She resolved that her daughter should know neither care nor labor.

Up to this time prosperity had attended the family; but now a fearful reverse came suddenly as a thunder-clap, and changed the entire scene. Commercial anxiety induced a violent fever, which, in eight short weeks, laid the father in his grave. A sable procession of rich carriages attended his body to the cemetery, and his weeping wife and child back to their magnificent home; and many a kind friend tried to soothe their sorrows. Still another calamity was at hand. The father's anxiety and fears were too literally realized; for his last extensive shipping venture proved a complete failure, and the debts contracted therefor swept away his entire property.

The mother and daughter heard this news with blankest astonishment. Indeed, it was several days before their real condition began to flash into their mind; and then at once they sank into the most childlike irresolution and despair. What could they do? Had they not lost their all? As to Lucy—now in her nineteenth year—who knew not even the meaning of poverty or industry, and whose life had been but fairy's dance around a circle of the costliest pleasures, what was to be expected of her in such an hour? For this exigency her parents had not prepared her. They had taught her to respect only wealth or name, and to avoid the humble and their pursuits as she would a reptile.

In the mean time, while she and her mother were consuming these bitterest morsels, their friends had summoned a distant relative to come and take charge of them. When the accounts were settled, it was found that only the merest trifle remained; and it was determined that they should go with their relative to his distant country home. Farewell to theaters, to fashion, to luxury, and to the "first circles" of society! two of your votaries and victims have bid you an eternal adieu, and now find themselves dependent on the charities of rural friends, with the hateful hum of industry forever annoying their delicate ears.

Mr. Willard, who had taken Lucy and her mother to his home, has been called a relative; in fact, he was related, but so distantly that, in ordinary cases, it would form no ground for intimacy. In this case, however, he was the only one from whom the ladies could expect protection. He was a plain, industrious, and wealthy farmer, unmarried, and in his fifty-fifth year. Here and there you could see a frosty hair, and on his face the furrows of care. Himself, a maiden sister, and an adopted girl formed the family to

which Lucy and her mother were now added. Here were brought together temperaments, manners, and modes of thought, the reciprocal influence of which the psychologist would love to observe. Would the city ladies, outliving their trials and prejudices, light up the dismal halls of the lonely mansion with vivacity and sunshine? or would they pass into the quiet, homely life of the Willard's? Alas! it was neither.

Lucy's mother never recovered her spirits. She had placed her heart upon her all, and that all was gone forever. Though her friends were kind and attentive, she received no benefit, and it was clear that her day of happiness was gone. She failed very rapidly, and ere a year had flown was placed beneath the green earth. For the daughter there was more hope. She was yet young. She might yet change her modes of thought. Possibly she might forget her love of display and prejudice against practical persons and things. If so, then it were well.

As might be expected, this girl, so accustomed to the hollow civilities of city fops, was only disgusted with the attentions of the open and generous, though unpolished, rural gentry. She deemed herself disgraced by their presence. Nevertheless, as there was a strange attraction about her person, she was offered, more than twice, the priceless gift of a protecting hand and loving heart; but, as the offering was unaccompanied with the one thing needful—the bauble wealth—it was rejected with contempt.

Thus were spent three years. Meantime it was observed that Mr. Willard had become more decorous in costume and more sportive in conversation. But what signified that? The last spark of capacity for love had certainly long since died out in his bosom. One, at least, would suppose so; yet that proved a mistake. It appears that deep down among the cold, dead cinders and embers there was yet a single spark. And how would not Lucy, with her tasteful adornment, and jetty locks, and flashing eyes, enkindle that spark into a flame? She would unavoidably, whether she chose to or not. But could she possibly choose to do so? Could any thing less than madness make her heart reject the young, the ardent, and the handsome, and prefer the wrinkled, the sickly, and the gray-haired? Alas! no one believed it the choice of her heart, but rather of her intellect and pride. There was that large Willard estate, with its substantial buildings and golden fields; and as to the sickly old man, he would soon—

We will here pass over eight years in silence. We once more are approaching the plantation.

This walk, which eight years ago was a well-beaten road, is now a mere weedy path. This garden, then so like a paradise, is now a neglected waste. Every thing—fences, orchards, and mansion, all look as though the hand of decay had long been at work. But we will call.

A puny, blue-eyed boy shows us to the parlor, and goes to call his mother. Meanwhile we observe the same marks of waste and decay inside the house also. This room, on Mr. Willard's bridal day, eight years ago, was furnished anew. Now the curtains are frayed and dusky; the carpet is worn and faded, and the chairs, with their squeaking joints, remind one of the shattered frame of an old man.

At last the door opens—but who enters? Can it be that this is Mrs. Lucy Willard? How could the lithe and graceful belle so soon have changed to the pitiable being now before me? Her ere-while glossy locks were thinned and lusterless, her cheeks were sallow and wrinkled, and her eyes were dim and spiritless. Though she was richly attired, and attempted to appear easy and cheerful, it was plain that she was the victim of corroding regret and pride.

Her tale was soon told. Mr. Willard had lived but four years after their wedding; two years after which his sister also died; and she was left, with a tender child, mistress of the entire property. She rented out the estate, and had no care except to receive the cash at the close of each year. One part of the mansion was rented to a family; so that she had a large suite of rooms to herself, while all the care and labor fell on the renting family. Why then was she not happy? She was now as wealthy as she could desire. Her wardrobe was filled with the richest fabrics which money could purchase; a splendid carriage ever waited her bidding, and her table was loaded with delicacies; yet she was not happy.

Well were it for her if in youth she had learned the teachings of the Hebrew preacher. Well were it for her if in riper years she had obeyed the impulses of her natural heart. But she had made her choice. She chose wheat by no means, but only chaff; and long has she been reaping the fruits thereof, which are wormwood and gall. What avails all the wealth of Golconda to a famished and desolate heart? It is but dust and emptiness, and can not purchase so much happiness as will be conferred by a tear of gratitude from the meanest beggar.

Many years have passed since the ill-starred wedding of Lucy. She still lives on the Willard estate; and every year has added to her wretchedness, so that now she may be considered as

little better than an idiot. She is unconscious of what is going on around her, and requires as much care as an infant. The estate and garden, though in the care of her executors, are a fit emblem of the desolation of her mind and heart. Her son, however, having turned out healthy, will soon finish his education, and may some time bring home a smiling bride, and restore the Willard estate to its former magnificence.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THERE 's an old house on the corner,
Very old and very brown,
With its massive piles of chimneys
Ready now to tumble down;
With its rows of broken windows;
With its battered, ancient door;
With its loosened shingles tapping,
Rapping, tapping evermore.

Silent rooms, unswept, uncared for,
Echo to the gentlest tread;
Winds unbridled wail and murmur
Dirges for the inmates fled.
Pleasant gleams of laughing sunshine
Flit across the dusty floor,
And the stars at night-time glimmer
Softly on the ruin hoar.

Birds have built beneath the roof-tree—
Robins, swallows, and the dove
Has a chosen spot, well sheltered,
For her downy nest of love.
Spiders weave their silver tissue
All the time-stained beams about;
Stealthily across the door-step
Glides the black snake in and out.

Yet that old house on the corner,
Voiceless though it seems to be,
Has its language, has its legend,
Has its storied lore for me.
List'ning to it, childish footsteps
Patter on each broken stair—
Childish song and childish laughter
Thrill upon the silent air.

Well I ween, it was a homestead;
'Round its now deserted hearth,
Those who claimed a common kindred
Once awoke the chords of mirth.
By this fireside sat a household
When the day's stern tasks were done,
Linking hands and hearts together
While the flitting hours wore on.

Where are now those loving faces
From these haunts forever fled?
In what strange, forgotten places
Are they gathered with the dead?
Time has dressed the roof with mosses—
Stained and crumbling is the wall—
But the old house on the corner
Has, alas! survived them all.

THE RICH VERSUS THE POOR.

BY ELIZA ANNA MERCEIN.

"Judge righteous judgment."

A PROTRACTED meeting had been held for several successive weeks in the church at N. It had not been attended with what is usually termed marked success; but it had resulted in the revival of the membership, in a growing seriousness of deportment, and an increasing fervency in prayer. Unwilling to bear alone the responsibility, the pastor, at the close of each successive week, had laid before the congregation the question of continuance or discontinuance of the meeting; and each Friday evening had witnessed the rising vote of the people still to persevere in the protracted effort.

It was Saturday morning. Mrs. Townsend had called on Mrs. Maitland on some charitable errand, and in the course of conversation observed :

"I was rather surprised, Cornelia, to find you did not approve of continuing the meeting next week; you who have been so punctual in attendance, and who have entered so fully into the spirit of revival! What could have been your reason?"

"You judge, I suppose, from my sitting still last evening when a rising vote in the affirmative was called for. The reason was that I expected to attend only the usual means during the next week; and I think a vote for continuance is an implied promise to make every possible exertion to attend constantly."

"Every possible exertion!" said Mrs. Townsend, rather hesitatingly; "no, Cornelia, you state it rather strongly. I voted in the affirmative, and I mean to attend when I can conveniently, and am willing, as a good Church member, to make rather an extra effort. You make it too binding, I think."

"That mode of reasoning might do in a larger membership, and with a more numerous body of leaders; but in a Church as small as ours, and where the official brethren do not number a score, we need a *united* effort to sustain the prayer meeting with sufficient variety and spirit; and I think it too great a draw upon them to expect them to attend so many weeks in succession, and yet we might feel inclined to censure them if absent."

"I certainly think there would be little excuse for them, Cornelia. Our leaders and members are mostly in good circumstances, and can not plead weariness resulting from bodily labor, as many can in our poorer Churches. And by the by, I heard old Mrs. Watson say, last night, after the resolution to continue had passed, 'O, how glad I am! the

greatest comfort I have is to come to meeting!' Only think of that, after standing at the wash-tub all day! And I have observed, too, that Mr. Jones, who is one of the few hard-working men among us, has been present every evening."

A quiet, half-suppressed smile flitted over the countenance of Mrs. Maitland, not unperceived by her friend, who inquired, "Now, Cornelia, what are you thinking of?"

"Only, Catherine, that it might require a higher grade of piety or a more self-denying effort in the majority of our members to leave their homes, night after night, than is requisite to secure the attendance of Mrs. Watson."

"I do not see why," said Mrs. Townsend; "but you are always so metaphysical!"

"Poor metaphysics!" returned Mrs. Maitland, with a smile; "how that word is made to suffer! But, seriously, Catherine, do you not think it requires a greater degree of self-sacrifice in?"

"Say yourself at once, Cornelia," interrupted Mrs. Townsend.

"That would be rather personal, as we say," returned her friend, "but yet I will. Now remember what you have stated; namely, that Mrs. Watson is standing at the wash-tub all day, in that confined, little room; no husband, no children, alone in the world, and comfortable only because, added to a naturally-cheerful disposition, she enjoys the support of Divine grace. Now, when her work is done, and her frugal supper over, what are her available means for a pleasant evening? She is not a gossip, for she is truly pious; her Bible and Hymn-Book satisfy her literary cravings; and were it not for her Church privileges—her 'blessed Church,' as she calls it—how solitary would her evenings pass! Her health, too, is materially benefited by leaving that confined air for the better ventilated lecture-room; and shutting up her air-tight stove and extinguishing her lamp is an actual saving of expenditure. One evening, about a month since, we were returning from lecture, when we overtook Mrs. Watson; the ice rendered the walking dangerous, and my husband insisted on her taking his arm. When we reached her dwelling we went in with her, for she had told us of a letter she had just received from her only grandson at the far west, and that it was *so* affectionate, *so* thoughtful; and she evidently wished us to see it and sympathize with her in its perusal. The air of the room was very unpleasant from the steam of the suds, etc.; and when Mr. Maitland told her it was not healthy, she said that she could not leave the window open during her absence, because the room was on the ground-floor, and that

the door, of course, must be locked. Mr. Maitland soon contrived a ventilator; and upon her promising always to open it when she went to church, so that the room might be properly aired before she retired to bed, sent a carpenter the next day to prepare it."

"Just like Mr. Maitland," said Mrs. Townsend, "always considerate! and I should not venture too much if I guessed that a tun of coal went with the carpenter, to warm the cold air admitted by the ventilator."

Mrs. Maitland took no notice of the remark, but continued :

"And now, Catherine, do you not think that, independent of deep piety, it must be a pleasant change for one so situated to go to our well-warmed, well-lighted, well-aired lecture-room, and meet the sympathetic look or kindly pressure of the hand from some whom she may there meet, and who recognize her as a sister in Christ?"

"I have never thought of it in the way you represent it," said Mrs. Townsend, thoughtfully; then, after a little reflection, observed : "But you can not plead loneliness as a reason for Mr. Jones's attendance, as you do for old Mrs. Watson, for he, I believe, has a wife and half a dozen children; his occupation as porter does not render it necessary for him to get a little fresh air, and yet, I think, he is always at the meeting."

"Always excepting Wednesday evenings," returned Mrs. Maitland, smiling.

"Bless me, Cornelia, how particular you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Townsend. "You must be a perfect spy upon us all! how can you observe any one so closely?"

Mrs. Maitland indulged in a hearty laugh ere she answered her wondering friend.

"Indeed, you give rather too much credit to my habits of observation; and to relieve my character from the odious charge of espionage, I must tell you the plain fact. It struck me one day last week, that though I had generally noticed her husband, yet that I had not seen Mrs. Jones at any of the extra meetings, and knowing the warm interest she takes in the cause of religion, feared she must have sickness in her little family thus to confine her. I therefore called on her to see if there was any assistance necessary; and I learned a good lesson from her, I assure you, respecting *relative duties*, and one that aided me a little to come to the resolution not to ask for myself a continuance of the special meetings."

"Now, dear Cornelia, I would like to know what Mrs. Jones could possibly teach you!"

"Much, indeed, Catherine. Neither you nor I have passed through the fiery ordeal which has

been the lot of that child of God, and even the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. Passing by her former trials, she has lost, within the past two years, her four oldest children just as they were arriving at an age when they would no longer be a burden upon their hard-working father; sickness straitening their always straitened means, and health so delicate that necessity alone could enable her a great part of the time to do that which was essential to the comfort of her family. Ah, Catherine! there are lessons which our heavenly Father *will* have his children learn; and if we will not or do not profit by the experience of others, doubt not that the discipline will be personally felt: 'whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' I often tremble in view of my manifold blessings."

After a pause of some moments, Mrs. Townsend said, thoughtfully, "Cornelia, teach me the lesson you learned from Mrs. Jones."

"I called in the afternoon. She has still five children; the eldest about eight years of age, the youngest but a few months old. It was after school hours, and her little ones were all playing around, while she was busily sewing; the bright kettle was on the stove, ready against the arrival of her husband; and all looked comfortable and cheerful. She said her health was better than it had been for a long time. I had sympathized with her most truly at the immediate period of her heavy afflictions; but she did not advert to them, but spoke most gratefully of her present comforts. In reference to the Church, she said that as in general times there were two services during the week, she and her husband usually attended alternately, as both could not leave the children at once. When the special meetings were appointed, Mr. Jones had proposed that they should endeavor to attend them in turn; 'but you know,' she continued, 'that though he could attend the little ones as they slept, he could not mend nor make the clothes, which, of course, is generally my work during the evenings; so I concluded to attend the one service as usual, while he should go to the special meetings; and, O, how delightfully they have strengthened and cheered us! Mr. Jones always on his return reads for me the chapter you have had in church, and tells me the remarks made; and his home prayers, so fervent and spiritual, show how much he has been benefited by the extra efforts. He will not, however, be able to attend so constantly after this week, for he has promised young Lawrence—the widow Laurence's son, you know—to give him some lessons in book-keeping; and as

he can come only in the evenings, three in the week, for the next six weeks, he expects to devote to him."

"How should Mr. Jones know any thing of book-keeping?" exclaimed Mrs. Townsend. "He is a porter in the store next to Mr. Townsend's."

"True," replied Mrs. Maitland; "but he was formerly indoor clerk and book-keeper to a very respectable firm. He, however, had too much religion and too much independence of 'the world's dread laugh,' to continue there when he found the probable result of his close confinement would be to leave his wife a widow and his children fatherless. He therefore took outdoor employment, and the change has operated favorably on his health. His wife, who urged, and, indeed, who suggested the change, has never given him reason to suppose she regretted it, by alluding unnecessarily to their reduced means and her, consequently, added labor. They are a noble couple, Catherine; such are the true supporters of a Church; and we could better spare many a wealthier member than Henry Jones and his intelligently-pious wife."

"To speak candidly," admitted Mrs. Townsend, "I knew nothing about the Joneses; for they are not in our circle, and I have never inquired any thing about them; but I will speak to Mr. Townsend, and see if he has not some situation for Mr. Jones which will combine active employment with greater pecuniary profit."

"Thank you, dear Catherine; I wish you would; Mr. Maitland has tried, but has not succeeded; your kind heart needs only to *know, to do.*"

"I am afraid 'righteous judgment' would not make that excuse for me," said Mrs. Townsend, with emotion; "for *might I not have known?* But leaving this, tell me, Cornelia, what could Mrs. Jones say to induce you to give up the protracted meeting; your circumstances are entirely dissimilar. Though you are not, like Mrs. Watson, a gainer by leaving your cheerful home, still you are not, like Mrs. Jones, obliged to watch over your nursery, or attend to domestic necessities in the evening. You have left your furnace-heated, gas-lighted parlor for four weeks—why not continue to do so?"

After a little hesitation, Mrs. Maitland answered: "I think it best, as a general rule, to say as little of self as possible; but though I would not obtrude my reasons, yet, if you really wish to know them, I will tell you. Well, then, we all agree as to the value of a united effort, and of a protracted united effort, at certain times, both in our individual and Church experience; such a time has been the recent one. While the

subject was under consideration, Mr. Maitland and myself made it a subject of prayer, and deemed it right to give it our warm support. We have done so, and yielded our home privileges; but *home privileges bring, or perhaps are, home duties;* we may hold them in abeyance for a time, in view of a more immediate pressing claim, but they can not be relinquished. Our eldest son and daughter are, as you know, Church members, and always attend with us the regular Friday evening meeting; but they have not been able to attend the extra services. It required some self-sacrifice on their part to submit cheerfully to our leaving them, night after night, for the past month; for such are our social and domestic habits, that, after nurse takes the little ones, Edward and Mary pursue their studies in the back parlor, while yet the open folding-doors permit a constant reference to their father and myself in this room. Sometimes a little help is needed—more frequently a smile of encouragement, or even a sympathetic groan from their mother while some abstruse algebraic calculation is pending. Then, when 'Eureka' is gayly said, and the books are closed, Mary accompanies me on the piano, Edward cons the news with his father, perhaps friends have called in—and altogether it is our happy hour. Mr. Maitland looks forward to it from his business pressure, and the children from their daily tasks—it is the little, little time that a heavy business will permit a wife to assert her claim to a husband's society, to bind close the bands of family union, and we can not relinquish it altogether. I think we have derived much benefit from the added means of grace—Mr. Maitland and myself directly, and the children indirectly, from our increased spirituality; but now their spirits and exertions flag, and they need us; therefore, *I* can not attend any longer constantly, but leave others to judge as to what is *their* duty, whether it calls them at home or abroad."

Mrs. Townsend seemed to be considering quite thoughtfully—a shade of sadness rested on her brow as she said: "I staid at home but one evening last week, and that was because Gertrude was going to a large party, and I wanted to see her dressed. I suppose I ought not to have done so."

"If Gertrude was going to a company proper for her to attend, and it was best that you should see to her arrangements," replied Mrs. Maitland, "you certainly did not do wrong in staying at home—you owe her a first duty."

The entrance of a visitor stopped the conversation; perhaps prevented the candid confession from falling from the lips of Mrs. Townsend.

With a cordial pressure of her friend's hand, she left the house far more thoughtful than when she entered it—more resolved to "judge righteous judgment"—perhaps less inclined to judge others at all.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

IN the days of my youth I often visited two towns in the state of N., which, growing side by side, were yet as unlike, in appearance and character, as was the stormy Kate and the placid Bianca of Shakspeare. People often wondered why two places but four miles apart, and with nearly equal advantages, should be so very different. Perhaps the question may be answered by a glance at their parentage. E., the older place, and the residence of my friend Anna T., was settled by Englishmen of loyal sentiments and aristocratic prepossessions, who named the infant village after the reigning sovereign. N., the younger town, was founded by Puritan fathers, whose love for royalty had been chilled by oppressions that followed them across the sea, and whose nature had been braced by trial and strengthened by toil. The elder sister appeared to live upon the past. She was proud of her descent, although her ancestors had played her most shabby tricks. Yet she had bravely resisted their exactions, and defended her liberty during the Revolution, and, as well as her younger sister, proved what stern stuff she was made of. But the old family affection triumphed at last, and when I knew her all had been forgiven. She was conservative. She eschewed commerce. She boasted of her ancient origin, although but two years the senior of the adjoining town. While that built manufactories and encouraged trade, the sound of the engine was not heard in E., nor did the "tiara of commerce" encircle it. The boats of N. were daily sent off laden with exports. New docks and warehouses were built yearly; fresh vessels came to her port. A pretty little stream wound through E., which might have been made navigable with small expense for heavy craft. But it was merely used to bring fish and fruit to market, while the point of embarkation remained two miles off. For years they talked of saving a mile or two in going to different parts of the town, by throwing a bridge across "the Creek," but in my day it was never accomplished. Meantime fine willows, under which lovers walked and children played, grew beside it, and, with its stone bridge and

flour-mill, looked very pretty and picturesque. Thomson's

"Ethereal calm that knows no storm,"

seemed evermore to hang over the place. I used to think it the very spot to read his Castle of Indolence in. And there we did read it—Anna and I—in an old-fashioned garden, under huge fruit-trees, that bent over the greenest of grass-plots. How we should have enjoyed Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, had it been in existence then! All around us seemed to cry with the "mild-eyed, melancholy" personages of the poem,

"Why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone."

The people of E. said they would rather live on less means, to be exempt from the stunning sounds and sable smoke that made a little Manchester of N.

"And little enough have they to live on, except poverty and pride," quoth her saucy sister.

The difference between the two was evident in their houses, their equipages, and their manners. The people of E. had a slow, lounging gait—those of N. walked briskly; the one had a dreamy look—the other a wide-awake air. In N. they had modern carriages and plump, well-fed horses, which the owners themselves frequently drove; their houses were kept fresh with paint, and the surrounding inclosures in prime order. A careless, decayed, past-time look had many of the buildings in and about E., and before some old-fashioned chariots crawled gaunt horses, driven by a coachman in shabby livery. There were exceptions to all these things, of course; but in general it was as I have said. The gentlemen's seats around the town smacked of pretension. They had ambitious names. One might have been an Italian villa, another a French castle, and a third—for what reason I could not divine—had an Egyptian title.

They were a Church-going people. A person who did not attend some place of worship in E. was a marked character. I have never seen the Sabbath so strictly observed elsewhere. Quiet as the place generally was, the greater stillness of Sunday was perceptible. Scarcely a footfall was heard in the street till the church-bells pealed forth their summons for the second time; then, for once in the week, E. was alive. Two streams of people poured toward the different churches in the principal street. A few equipages, such as we have described, stopped before the Episcopal Church. A long row of more rustic vehicles

stood under the sycamore-trees that skirt the brick wall beside the Presbyterian Church. Most of them were farm wagons, spacious enough to hold a large family. The very horses that stamped upon the oblong green, and drove away the flies with their long tails, used to appear to my childish eyes to wear a sanctimonious look on that holy day.

Often amid the din and uproar of a crowded city does the memory of those youthful Sabbaths fall like dew upon my heart. Perhaps I thought them a little strict then; but I bless them for the influence they had upon my character now. Soft, sweet, and holy do they appear to me in the haze of distance; fairer and more lovely, no doubt, than they seemed to me at the time. Yet they were seldom tedious even then; for a mother's voice impressed the lessons of the day, and made durable the somewhat harsh creed which she believed.

The Presbyterian Church was by far the largest. It had proud memories. It rose from its ashes after the Revolution to remain a monument of the zeal, the energy, and the self-sacrifice of its builders. Its pulpit had been filled by a line of worthies. One of its preachers, who was a martyr to liberty, lay under its shadow. Lips wise and eloquent had there wakened the hearts of the people, and names living on the scholastic page had there proclaimed their message. It thought little of other sects. It pursued its way, and preached its own peculiar doctrines, as if there were no others in the world. It surrounded itself with a lofty hedge, through which none passed but by the "Confession of Faith." Those were thought blind who could not subscribe to that "excellent summary," and he was a heretic who could not indorse every word of the Westminster Catechism.

The most fashionable part of the town were Episcopalians. At the time of the Revolution the little church was spared for love of its English mother. Its worshipers liked to show where the bullets had left their mark in that stormy period. It looked pleasant and quaint, standing back from the street, in the uneven church-yard, with willows and scraggy locust-trees growing densely around.

Quite distant from these, and entirely different in appearance, stood a third place of worship. It had no steeple, nor arched windows, nor sunken doors. It had no graveyard of its own. It was an angular wooden building, painted white, and relieved by a few poplars. Its grassy court was smooth and well-kept. No weeds bordered the brick path; no footstep soiled the verdure. My

friend Anna, in substance, once remarked to me as follows:

"That church used to be a solemn mystery to me. My way did not lay past it on Sunday, and I wondered if it was ever opened. And then I would look at that parsonage-house"—such Anna thought it then—"from roof to foundation. I wondered how it was ever kept so clean. Other white houses were soiled by the vile red dust, but that was always immaculate. The very essence of cleanliness seemed to pervade it. The knocker dazzled my eyes with its brightness, and the windows shone like plate glass. I longed for a peep at the inside."

Anna had her wish gratified; and I shall give the account of her violent *entré* into that quiet abode as nearly as I can recollect in her own words. She commenced:

"You remember the old garden at the side of the Methodist Church, Jane. That place always did bewitch me with 'its shimmer and shade,' its fresh roses and dark old box. The past and the present met there, youth and old age, modern flowers and old-time trees. There was a legend connected with it which was laid up in my heart. It was of a noble intellect turned astray, and of a lovely, suffering woman, who tried to shield her afflicted husband from cold and prying eyes till her own life was nearly sacrificed. I was named after that woman, Jane. She and her husband once owned the sweet spot, and lived there. O, how my mother loved and admired her! How often she has described her friend to me! How often she has made my heart glow by the story of her sufferings and her woes! Well, one afternoon"—two o'clock was afternoon in those days—"I was strolling slowly past the garden, looking at the grass-plots and flower-beds, and admiring the play of the leaves on the green sward, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and heard a strange, unnatural laugh. I turned round and saw a wild, idiotic face close to mine—a man of full size in a woman's garb. I sprang forward, and, without looking behind me once, made a rush to the nearest house, which was, you know, Mr. M.'s, the Methodist preacher. I burst open the front door, sprang into the parlor, and found myself in the room with that venerable old gentleman. And, Jane, I waked him up; for he was sitting in his arm-chair, with his black velvet cap on his head, fast asleep. And I have a vision now of his beautiful rosy cheeks and dignified person, and of the pleasantly-shaded room. I was ashamed to have disturbed his slumbers by my ungraceful irruption, and stood quite mute before him.

"He opened his eyes in amazement, and said: 'What is it, child? what is it? What is the matter?'

"O, Mr. M., excuse me. I am sorry to have disturbed you; but I was so frightened by a man who I am afraid is standing by the door now."

"The old gentleman did not speak impatiently. He went with me to the door, saw that all was safe outside, and gave me a kind adieu. So I saw the inside of the house, which I found as daintily clean within as without. When I told my adventure at home, my father spoke highly of Mr. M., remarking, at the same time, that he was entirely different from 'the general run of Methodist preachers.' It is perfectly amazing to me now, Jane," continued Anna, "to look back upon those days, and remember the absurd ideas about Methodists and Methodist preachers which were generally entertained by the people of E."

It became Anna's privilege, however, to hear our Summerfield at the close of his brilliant and brief career, and I give her impressions of him in her own words. She went to hear him when a stranger to that people to whom "her spirit turned" with unswerving love in after days, while making a visit at N. She says:

"A rainy Sunday sent me, with my cousins, to the nearest place of worship. It was the Methodist Church—a barn-like-looking building outside, and then the only one of that denomination in a town which now numbers so many beautiful ones. We passed through the garden to reach it; and I remember now how thickly the gravel walks were strewn with sodden leaves, for it was the fall of the year. We found the building crowded, but a comfortable seat was given us. Before Summerfield entered the aisles were closely packed, and a man preceded him to make a passage for him into the pulpit. His looks were full of humility, his motions graceful, and 'the beauty of holiness' seemed to cast a mantle round him. He began the services by reading the hymn,

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,"

in a manner that gave that noble lyric all its full dramatic expression. I have never heard any one since who read as well as Summerfield. The hymn was new to me, and he made a picture out of it. Through his fine reading, with our previous knowledge of the story, we saw the earnest patriarch and the mysterious stranger in their mighty struggle, the crimson dawn, the blue, uprolling mists, the wakening herds, and the fields in dewy freshness. I think I have rarely heard the hymn read since that I have not thought of him from whose lips I first heard it. Then he

prayed with tenderness, simplicity, and fervor inexpressible. He said, 'Jesus, the house is full, but there is room for thee in every heart. Come and fill them with thy love!' He then read the 146th Psalm. His reading of the Scriptures was as striking as his manner of reading a hymn. Every image seemed to stand out fully before you. One of my young friends said, 'He made me start when he read, but the "way of the wicked he turneth upside down." ' I have since heard an eminent Presbyterian minister say that Summerfield thrilled him by the simple reading of St. Paul's catalogue of his sufferings in 2 Corinthians xi, 24, 25, 26, 27. For the second lesson he read the 2d of Ephesians, from the thirteenth verse of which his text was taken. He was very clear upon the subject of justification by faith. I remember that part of the sermon better than any other, because my Presbyterian friends had charged the Methodists with preaching justification by works, and I then thought that every Arminian minister must do so. He said that Wesley had been cruelly maligned by his enemies when accused of preaching salvation through works. So far from it, when life was trembling in the socket, useful as he had been, and holy as he was, he relied only upon the blood of Christ. 'The blood of Christ! the blood of Christ! the blood of Christ!' he repeated, as he looked upward with an earnest gaze, as if the cross was visibly set before him. In the course of the sermon he spoke of the advantages of our social meetings, and urged a constant attendance upon them; adding, 'particularly your class meetings, for they are the very stamina of religion.'

"The inflections of his voice were very peculiar, and my memory was so impressed by them that I can now recall them after the lapse of so many years. There was nothing like acting in his manner. We were no critics then; but there is an instinct in the youthful mind which separates the true from the false. We felt that Summerfield was 'a teacher sent from God.' His words fell on our hearts like the soft, silent dew, and penetrated them, and retained a lodgment there. Others may have said more startling things, but no one ever had more power to transfix the attention of an audience. His grace of manner was inimitable.

'Like a babe's hand, without intent
Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument,'

came forth his beautiful thoughts.

"He looked exhausted and deadly pale at the close of the sermon. He gave out the hymn,

'I'll praise my Maker with my breath,'

before he sat down. Then I could only see his forehead and closed eyes. At the end of the hymn he stood up and sang the last verse. One felt then that he was soon to be taken from us; 'the star was to be withdrawn after a short season of silvery light'; the frail body was yielding to the soaring soul.

"A person who has merely seen Summerfield's picture can have no idea of the expression of his countenance when lighted up with the earnestness of devotion. As he sung the closing verse of the hymn I have mentioned, his face became luminous, and his eyes seemed to behold 'the unutterable daylight of heaven.' 'How do you like him?' I said to my lively cousin Fanny, who had listened to him with breathless attention. She had just returned from New York, where she had seen a celebrated actor, after whom the gay world was running. 'I never heard such eloquence. He is greater than Kean. His very finger-nails spoke,' answered Fanny.

"We again heard him in the evening at the Presbyterian Church, which was thronged with eager listeners, although it was very rainy. The text was from Matthew vi, 33. I think the sermon has been published, but without several of its most striking illustrations. He said, 'When a shopkeeper does up the valuable package for which you ask, he throws in the twine and paper as things of little consequence. And so God gives his children spiritual blessings when they ask for them, and often adds worldly comforts as things of inferior value.' I forget in what connection it was that he made the remark which I perfectly remember, that 'the bridegroom when he encircles the finger of his bride with the vain symbol of immortality, is too apt to forget the future in the joy of the present.'

"He became very hoarse and utterly overcome at the close of his sermon. I afterward learned that he preached with a painful blister on his chest."

I think my friend's brief reminiscence of one whom our Church so loved and cherished will not be without interest, even to those who knew not Summerfield. She, I am sure, will excuse me for giving her letter to the public. I have yet another one, in which she has told me how the quiet Methodist Church in her most conservative town of E., became known and thronged under the ministry of one who still labors among us. But that I reserve for a future paper.

—————
ALMOST all knowledge is interesting, if presented in an interesting manner.

SPICE ISLANDS

VISITED IN THE SEA OF EDITORIAL READING.*

THE LUMP OF SALT.

A LUMP of salt is dissolved in a basin of water; the salt is gone, but its savor has reached the remotest atom in the basin. OUR ONE LIFE is like that lump of salt: gradually it is melting away, and in a brief season it will be gone; but its savor will reach the remotest hour in the eternity to come.

THIS ONE LIFE.

How is this ONE LIFE to be lived? Where is the POWER which shall carry me victoriously through its struggle? It will not do to take me to the monk's pillar, or to the hermit's cell—you must show me how to go up to life's battle, and to go through it, erect and unharmed.

A FABLE OF INTENSE REALITY.

It was a fable of the ancients, that the god who presided over each river had his residence in a cavern at its source. Is not the fable an intense reality in each man's course? Is not the presiding power of each man's life *at its source*? It is of no use to deliver homilies about the beauty of virtue or of self-sacrifice, or about the vanity of this passing scene; men go from such homilies, complacently as before, to their worldliness or to their sins. There is one power, and only one, which can energize the heart.

JESUS IN THIS LIFE.

"I want," said a young corporal one day to Hedley Vicars, "to have more of Jesus *in this life*." CHRIST CRUCIFIED is not a mere fund in reserve—a kind of "extreme unction"—to teach men how to die; it is the lever which is to move the life.

DARKER THAN DARKNESS.

There is something to a living man darker than darkness, more lonely than loneliness, more silent than silence. What is that? The space in our eye, our ear, and our mind, which the presence of a friend once filled, and which imagination itself can not now fill. Infinite space, invisible, inaudible, dimensionless, is not more inapprehensible than that remembered range in which to us he lived, moved, and had a being. "Absent from

* Life-Studies; or, How to Live. Illustrated in the Biographies of Bunyan, Tersteegen, Montgomery, Perthes, and Mrs. Winslow. By Rev. John Baillie. New York: Carter & Brothers.

the body" is a far different separation from that which the earth's diameter interposes between two breathing, conscious beings, *each present with himself* and cotemporary with the other, but as utterly beyond personal communication as the living with the dead, or as the dwellers in the dust, each resting in his bed, side by side.

HOW WE GAIN MORAL POWER.

The savage, in certain regions, is said to have a belief that the spirit of every enemy he slays passes into his own bosom—giving to his heart new courage, and to his arm new power; and therefore his one watchword is, "Slay, slay, slay!" Is it not true that each new victory we gain over sin, is a new accession of moral power? To retire from life's conflicts, is only to keep the passion in abeyance; to meet the temptation and to overcome, is that by which alone we "live."

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

This love is not like gold, which, being expanded under the hammer, exchanges solid weight for feeble splendor! It is not like water, spilled out of a vessel, and spreading over a large superficies, but promptly absorbed into the earth, or exhaled into the atmosphere. No—

"Love is a spirit, all compact with fire;
Love is a spirit, and will to heaven aspire."

Yes; and, in proportion as it rises above, it spreads below, increasing in splendor and intensity precisely according to its elevation and diffusion.

THE GOSPEL RAINBOW.

In the Bible Society all names and distinctions of sects are blended till they are lost, like the prismatic colors, in a ray of pure and perfect light: in the missionary work, though divided, they are not discordant; but, like the same colors displayed and harmonized in the rainbow, they form an arch of glory ascending on the one hand from earth to heaven, and on the other descending from heaven to earth—a bow of promise, a covenant of peace, a sign that the storm of wrath is passing away, and the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings breaking forth on all nations.

GOODNESS NO NECESSARY RESULT OF KNOWLEDGE.

So long as I believed that our improvement was dependent merely on the rectification of our understanding, and that men must necessarily become better and happier as they became more enlightened, the future perfection of our race upon earth appeared probable to me; but now that daily experience shows me the fallibility of the

wisest of men—shows me men whose theories of life are unimpeachable, given up to the practice of vice—I have lost all faith in the realization of this virtuous ideal. If our evil deeds flowed from wrong principles, our errors might then be traced back to misconceptions, and we might improve as these were rectified. But can a more enlightened understanding strengthen the feeble will, restore the unsound heart, or change the unnatural and artificial into nature and simplicity? Nay, assuredly; goodness is no necessary result of enlightenment of mind—this may, indeed, eradicate follies, but not a single vice.

GODLINESS OF THE RATIONALIST.

In Germany, as in England, Christianity is paraded by certain thinkers in a certain subtle philosophic guise, which has not a little attraction. Talking glibly of the "mysteries of godliness," they affect familiarity with a literally personal God, and complacently boast of their growing assimilation to his earthly life of self-sacrifice. But the Christ they worship is not God become man, but God reduced to man's level; and the God they worship is, not the just and holy Law-giver, magnifying his law in the cross, but an indulgent and feeble father, who, forgetting the claims of law, has retired from the seat of justice, and has begun to "clear the guilty."

NOT SCIENCE, BUT SALVATION.

I do not think that much would be gained by discovering scientifically the weak points of Strauss, Vatke, and the like. When it is merely science against science, I tremble for theology. The matter on hand is, not the solution of a scientific problem, but the salvation of souls. Whoever would make the saving truths of revelation his own, or would lead others to them, must start from facts coming within his own immediate knowledge. The depravity of all mankind; sin; our double nature—after conversion; wrestling, weakness, and death in every individual; and the ardent longing of the whole man for deliverance from such evils; these are facts, and they form a basis for faith in the salvation revealed by Scripture. To every one in whose soul God has established such a basis of faith, the life of Jesus and of the apostles becomes the keystone of the world's history, even scientifically regarded.

PICKING HUSKS FROM THE KERNEL OF TRUTH.

One gets tired of evermore picking off one husk after another from the kernel of truth. Here nothing endures; what most we love, is torn away; all is brittle and perishable, and we

ourselves are but broken reeds. Our heart overflows with love to some dear object; and yet, how imperfect the union, how weak the sympathy! And even he who knows that love to God is the only enduring love, and that it is the only anchor of the soul—how deeply he feels that he can but seldom draw near to his Father with perfect resignation and sincerity!

THE BEDFORD TINKER.

One summer evening in a rustic parish in Cambridgeshire, a thoughtless undergraduate is riding along the highway, when his attention is arrested by a gathering of people assembled in a church-yard. On a gravestone stands a plain working-man, addressing the vast crowd. Every eye is fixed intently on the speaker; and a strange solemnity—still as the grave over which he stands—pervades the motley group.

"What is this?" whispers the student, scarcely able to catch the ear, for a moment, of a lad who hangs on the outskirts of the crowd.

"It's the Bedford tinker," replies the lad, in a tone of impatience, marveling at the question.

The student dismounts, and listens for a few moments, a sneer curling on his lip. But, as the preacher proceeds, the lip begins to quiver, and the tear to tremble in his eye; it is the "deer hit of the archer." A year or two later, and the mocking gownsman is a bold preacher of Christ.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

There is a splendid Italian sonnet by Giovannibattista Zappi, on Judith returning to Bethulia, with the head of Holofernes in one hand and the sword which had smitten it off in the other. The populace hailed her at the gates, through the streets, and from the roofs, as the deliverer of her native city; the maidens pressed around, to kiss her garment, "but not her hand;" while a hundred of the sons of the prophets went before, proclaiming her achievement, and foretelling her glory, "from the sun's rising to his rest." The poet adds—

"Stavasi tutta umile in tanta gloria."

There is an untranslatable idiom in the original, which gives exquisite point to the idea; but the simple meaning may suffice us—

"She was humble under all the glory."

THE HEART ALWAYS YOUNG.

Childhood, I believe, does sometimes pay a second visit to man—youth, *never*. The heart, however, when it is right, is always young, and knows neither decay nor coolness.

JOYS OF WINTER.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O, in the wild November-time,
When fields and woods are bare,
And flocks of home-returning birds
Haunt all the chilly air;

When through the sky the somber clouds
Like troops of mourners pass,
And fitfully the wandering winds
Sob through the summer's grass;

When, full of fear, the timid doves
Flee to their sheltered nests,
And every warbling woodland stream
In frosty fetters rests—

What shall we do? How shall we wake
The echoes that are dead?
How shall we summon back the joys
That seem forever fled?

How shall we pass the dreary days
Before the time of flowers?
How shall we fill with gladness all
The weary winter hours?

How, when the summer's voice of song
Grows silent with the snow,
Shall we, with hearts still cheerful, make
Solace from silence flow?

O, if the "melancholy days"
Be crowned with generous deeds;
If stormy hours of night be filled
With thoughts for others' needs;

If hunger, by thy hand relieved,
Shall make complaint no more;
If naked, suffering want be sent
Rejoicing from thy door;

If thou shalt bear within thy breast
A strong heart and a true,
Which 'dures the dearth, remembering still
The nightly fall of dew;

If, from thy spirit's glow, despair
Shall catch a kindling ray,
And eyes unseeing, taught by thee,
Shall recognize the day;

If thou shalt teach the wronged to rise,
As greater than the wrong,
And sorrowing souls to hush their cries
In thankfulness of song—

Then fairer flowers than on the hills
May's magic morns unroll,
Shall crown, by other eyes unseen,
The pathways of thy soul;

Then sweeter than the lay of birds
Or summer woodland streams,
Through chill and darkness, angel songs
Will drop into thy dreams.

Do good; and know well-doing brings,
Who and where'er thou art,
Its "own exceeding great reward,"
Of summer to the heart.

THE SUM OF LIFE.

AMONG the many tales of real life that came before me was the one I am about to relate. I had made a rule on entering my curacy to call upon every one in my district; and among others, upon an elderly widow, living in one-half of a very small cottage, in a back street. I found her unusually intelligent and sensible, but laboring under a great depression of spirits. While I was talking to her I chanced to put my hand upon an old book lying in the window-seat. It was an ancient almanac, much thought of in its day, I dare say, but now long forgotten. But my eye was struck with the curious appearance of the book—for all down the margin of each page were the following figures :

17
23
15
2

There were several letters, and a word or two without connection, but the same figures recurred again and again; and, in fact, in every page of the book. The handwriting was beautifully small and fine—the figures especially, and I asked the old woman if the writing was hers. She answered "No," and seeing the tears in her eyes, I did not make any further allusion to the subject. On a later visit, however, when she was laid up by a severe attack of illness, and, perhaps, felt more acutely the force of a little sympathy, she opened her mind fully to me, and unasked told me the story of the book.

Her husband had been a carpenter, and they had but one surviving child, a daughter, having lost two or three in their infancy. This endeared the survivor still more to them both, but especially to her mother.

They had been rather above the common class of poor, and contrived to keep several comforts around them, and the old man was said to have saved up a considerable sum for a poor person. They had always kept their daughter at school, where she had, by perseverance and intelligence, gained quite a superior education to those of her own rank. When she was about seventeen a young stone-mason of the neighborhood proposed marriage with her, to her father. She had long known and liked him, and had many a pleasant walk on a summer evening with him. For a wonder she had chosen wisely and well, for he was as superior, and even more so, to his station, as she was, and was as good a scholar as herself. Unfortunately, however, her father, after tacitly allowing it so long, objected on the score of

money, and in spite of her entreaties—joined with her mother's—forbid him the house. At first she hoped to soften him by her submission, which indeed came naturally to her gentle spirit, and her lover remained constant, their only consolation being the frequent letters passing between them. Some of these the poor mother still possessed, and showed them to me; and, notwithstanding their frequent homeliness of expression, there was a simple pathos and resignation in them that touched me almost to tears.

Two or three years went on, slowly and sadly—the father continuing still obstinate in accordance with his rugged nature, and hope fading gradually but surely from the humble lovers. She was a gentle, affectionate girl, and would not marry without her father's consent, although she could not conquer the love that was twined with her very heart-strings. At last her father, finding that she still clung to this first and last attachment, and that she refused two or three offers he thought more suitable, forbade the correspondence, and desired her to think of him no more.

This was a heavy blow to her, and for a while her health and spirits sank under it. To rouse her from this, her parents sent her to the wedding of a country cousin, thinking the change and gaiety might do her good. But this was the drop that overbrimmed the cup: the sight of the new-married couple in their honeymoon happiness, and the quiet domestic comfort of their little country cottage in its tiny garden, sunk with a painful contrast into her heart, and she returned home, only that her mother might rush wildly from one doctor to another, in the hope that something might be done for her.

The body recovered, but the mind was gone hopelessly; and as she grew more vacant and unconscious, her health got better, for the mind no longer wore out and harassed the feeble frame. She had taken to writing over every scrap of paper she could lay hands on—most likely from some lingering association of past days, like the wind wandering through the strings of a harp, and bringing out an imperfect sound. It was almost always the same figures; the first, 17 and 23, were their respective ages—the 15th of May was the date of their first meeting, and the 2d of November the last time they met—that bitter parting that had unsettled her intellect forever. She had at first been very difficult to manage, and required more skillful treatment than her poor heart-broken mother could give her, and she had accordingly been placed under proper care. As time went on she grew as gentle as an infant; but on attempting to remove her to her mother's

home, she had manifested such distress, that although the expense of keeping her away cost her mother every little indulgence she had hitherto possessed, she submitted, without a murmur, only grieving that she could not have her always with her.

I gazed sadly upon the dim discolored figures that had before seemed to me but the mere vague wanderings of insanity, but now that I had the key to them, the mournful record of that blank existence—the summing up of that humble tale of resignation and sorrow.—*English Press.*

THE LITTLE LIFE.

BY MRS. MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

"I'M so glad you have come! O I'm so glad!" I exclaimed a low, sweet voice; and a pair of soft, white arms were twined about my neck, and a fair, pale face, half raised from the snowy pillow to meet mine in a kiss of love.

"Was you afraid I would n't come, darling?" queried I, stroking the soft hair from her forehead tenderly.

"O no; I knew you would come to me if you could. But then I feared some accident might befall you on the way. These railroads, you know, are such dangerous things."

"Well, never mind the railroads now—you have been very ill, and are weak and nervous yet."

"Yes, but I am getting better fast, and with such a dear nurse as you shall soon be quite well again."

"I hope so; but what have you here?" said I, as a movement among the bed-clothes arrested my attention.

"Sure enough! I had almost forgotten it, in my joy at seeing you," said Lizzie—then lowering her voice almost to a whisper she said, "See what God has given me!"

O, there is a look of glory—an expression of joy unutterable, such as I have seen on angel faces in my dreams; and that look was on my sister's face as she raised the folds of delicate muslin, displaying to me a tiny little thing, nestled there like a birdling beneath its mother's wing. Softly I kissed its dimpled cheeks and the waxen hands that were folded in meek unconsciousness over its throbbing bosom, and my heart went out to it with a gushing tenderness, for I loved it even then for its mother's sake.

Days sped by, and as the young mother gained in health and strength, the holy joy in her heart grew deeper. O how earnestly she watched the

unfolding of the little immortal flower which the beneficent hand of the All-wise had planted in her life garden, and with what zealous care she guarded it from the chill breath of autumn, that no blight might fall upon its wondrous beauty! Oft I whispered her to beware, for I feared she was loving her child too fondly—I feared she was worshiping at an earthly shrine, and yielding up there the heart's incense, which only One may rightfully claim; for hath he not said, "Ye shall have no other gods before me?"

But Lizzie would smile whenever I spoke to her thus, and say in her quiet but positive way, "No, no, sister, I can not love my baby too well." Then she would gaze upon the little thing with so much of affection in her looks, and fold it to her bosom with such passionate tenderness that a weight would settle upon my heart—a painful weight of prophetic fears.

Months passed, and still I staid with Lizzie. She did not wish me to go away, and her home was such a paradise of love and peace that I was content to abide in it. Very happy we were—O, so happy; and when one day Lillie—for though we called her sunbeam, birdie, darling, and hosts of other sweet pet names, this was the one her father had written in the family Bible—climbed to her feet beside a chair, and toddled across the floor, our delight knew no bounds. It was such a wonder that a ten months' old baby should do such a thing, that we could scarcely credit the evidence of our senses, and catching the tiny form to her bosom, the young mother almost smothered it with caresses. Then laying it back on her arm, she put the little golden curls from the pure brow and smoothed the rumpled folds of the embroidered frock, saying, as she did so,

"Now Lillie must talk. Babies must learn to talk as soon as they can walk, you know; so look up, darling—now say 'mamma!'"

The azure eyes of the little one gazed with a soft, dreamy expression into its mother's face, while a smile dimpled around its rose-bud lips, which opened softly, then closed again without a sound.

"Ah! birdie, that will never do—try again—now—'mamma!'"

Again the red lips parted, and this time the word was pronounced, softly and hesitatingly it is true, but sweetly distinct.

I started with surprise and looked at Lizzie, but she did not see me. Tears filled her eyes, and the same angel look that had given a glory to her sweet face when she said so reverently months before, "See what God has given me," stole softly over it now; and she sat for a long

time, gazing in rapt silence upon the beautiful baby face which was upturned to hers, so confidently, so lovingly.

I turned away—I could not bear to look upon that picture, for the old prophetic fears came thronging back to my heart, and a sad voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "It will not always be so."

That night Lillie was slightly unwell. I wished to sit up with her, but Lizzie said, "No," so I retired. I tried to sleep, but for a long time I could not; for mournful fancies were busy with my brain. Wearied out at length with my restless imaginings, I put both hands over my face and tried to rest. You will say I dreamed—perhaps I did; but I assure you that what I saw was as really and plainly visible to me as any thing I ever beheld with my bodily eyes at noonday.

It seemed that Lizzie was sitting with the baby in her arms, just as she sat the day before, when she taught it to lisp her name, when the door softly opened and two radiantly beautiful beings entered. I knew they were angels, for, besides the flowing vestments of spotless purity, and the starry diadems that rested upon their brows, there was the expression on each face of perfect peace and holiness, such as I had seen before on angel faces when I had met them in dream-land. Gently they glided forward, and one, the fairest of the two, reached down her white arms and lifted Lillie from her mother's embrace, murmuring in tones of sweetest melody, "The Father hath need of her."

O, then, what a look of utter hopeless agony went over Lizzie's face, as with one wild shriek of despair she sprang forward and fell to the floor! I started convulsively from my pillow. That shriek was real; it was no dream, for even now it rang in my ears and echoed like a death-knell through the room.

With trembling haste I threw my dressing-robe about me and descended the stairs. I listened at the sitting-room door. All was silent as the grave. Ah, the grave! in my terror I fancied I could see one, wide open, and waiting for a tiny coffin with "Lillie" engraved on the silver plate. I tried to crush back the tears that blinded me; I tried to choke down the feeling of suffocation that rose in my throat, as I felt in the darkness for the door-knob, that I might look in and put an end to my dreadful suspense. The latch yielded to the slight pressure of my trembling fingers, and I pushed the heavy door softly back upon its hinges. I glanced around, and when my eyes fell upon Lizzie, as she lay upon the floor with baby Lillie clasped to her bosom and her husband bending

over her, I thought they were both dead, and one cry, as wild as that which had awakened me escaped my lips, a mist swam before my eyes, and a deathlike sickness came over me.

The first thing I remember afterward a cold hand was on my brow and hot tears were raining over my face, while convulsive sobs and broken words of prayer fell upon my ears. I opened my eyes with difficulty, and Lizzie's husband, the picture of woe, was bending over me. He assisted me to rise and led me to where sister was sitting, white and cold as a marble statue, with the baby still folded to her bosom. As we approached she motioned us away. "No, no, she is n't dead!" exclaimed she wildly. "She is n't dead! She will wake again! Lillie! Lillie! don't you hear your mother, darling? Wake up, birdie! wake up!"

But Lillie lay very still, with the semblance of death on her beautiful face. She did not hear the voice that called to her so tenderly, nor feel the pressure of the loving hands that chafed her dimpled limbs, and the only sign of life that we could discover, was now and then a shuddering gasp for breath, and a faint fluttering in the region of the heart.

I tried to soothe and comfort Lizzie, but she would not listen to me, and kept calling in piteous accents upon the baby to open its eyes once more. I turned to the table for a glass of water, for I felt faint, and just then I espied a little vial labeled "paregoric." A fearful thought flashed across my mind, and I raised it to my lips. It was intensely bitter, and I knew in a moment that the careless druggist had made a fatal mistake.

"Go for the doctor quick, George!" I exclaimed, "quick, for this is laudanum; Lillie is poisoned!"

In an instant he was gone, and catching the babe from the arms of its now senseless mother, I ran to the open door with it. I shook it, I rubbed it, and tried by every means in my power to waken it to consciousness, but in vain. And when at length the doctor came, he shook his head sadly, saying, "Too late! too late!" O never, never shall I forget that night of agony! Lillie, our darling, beautiful birdie, was dead, Lizzie was, as it seemed, on the brink of the grave, George was crazy with grief, and I was not much better. But the blinding tears came, and my heart chills as I think of it, so I will pass on.

It was a glorious June morning. The sun smiled down upon earth's beautiful bosom with an unwonted splendor, the birds trilled their sweetest songs in the orchard, and the breezes that came up from the verdant meadows were

laden with the rich perfume of wild flowers. But we heeded not these blessings, for on that morn a little grave was opened in the church-yard, and a tiny coffin, with "Lillie" engraved upon the plate, was lowered into it. Then they shoveled the cold, wet earth down, shutting out the blessed sunlight, the bird songs, and the pure, fresh air forever. O, it seemed dreadful, but I remembered that it was written, "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven," and I felt sure that the angels who came for Lillie that night would bear her safely to the Savior's bosom. And I whispered Lizzie so, as she wept in hopeless despair over the little mound, and tried to persuade her to look upward, beyond the clouds and storm, for that light which earthly things had ceased to give. But she could not then, though in after days her chastened heart learned to say in meekness, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be his holy name."

"There's many an empty cradle—
There's many a vacant bed,
And many a silent hearth-stone,
Whose light and joy has fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks rise,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the skies."

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

O, I have seen a bursting bud of hope—
A timid maiden grasping after truth;
Drinking the breath of heaven as flowers the dew
In lofty aspirations, seeking good,
The pure, the holy; highest was her aim,
And in her secret soul she felt a joy—
A glowful, brimming joy—as angels feel
At every acquisition.
Her heart was full of sunshine, and her life
An ever-gushing fount of poetry.
But still a dim, uncertain shadow hung,
At times, around her.

A few brief years their changeful circuit ran,
And I beheld her woeful, sad, and strange,
And wrestling with the tempter.
And now her eyes illumined with passion's fires;
And now were melted into penitence.
Anon she raised her puny, powerless arm,
As if to snatch old Order from his seat;
Yet sighed when memory mirrored back the past,
And struggled with herself, and struggled more
Against herself.
And now she gained, and now she lost her hold,
Tottering like one above a precipice,
With false, weak-rooted shrubs to hang upon;
I shuddered, sick at heart, and closed my eyes,
Sighing that Sin should reign a thousand years.
But I beheld once more, and lo! a meek,

A humble, trustful witness of the cross—
Self-love, and pride, and false ambition gone—
All melted in the fiery crucible,
And from a patient faith evaporized.
Henceforth let love be mine: love only knows
The farther verge where meets the infinite.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

"A CHRISTMAS gift," a little thing,
And yet it seemeth more to me,
For such a little offering
Hath much to do with memory.
We cherish it with fondest care,
And look at it in after years;
We o'er it raise the silent prayer,
And bathe it oft with secret tears.

"T will call to mind an absent one,
Whose present we may long have kept,
E'en when their earthly race is run,
And their frail forms in dust have slept;
Or bring again the friends who sought,
In distant lands, a brighter home,
And gave that gift, as pledge of thought
For them, when brighter days should come.

Ah! visions dim, and scenes all past,
Will crowd full thick upon the brain,
And gath'ring still, like rain-drops fast,
We live each hour all o'er again.
No matter what the gift may be,
A costly gem or lock of hair,
Still, with a faithful heart, 't will be
The object of as tender care.

WHO IS THE RICHER?

BY ALICE CABY.

THE house that you see underneath the great pine,
With walls that are painted, and doors that are fine,
And meadows and cornfields about it, is mine.

On the stormy side hill of the woodland close by,
In a house that is not half so wide nor so high,
Elijah, my miller, lives, richer than I.

At night, when he ties up the last bag of meal,
And turns the brown oxen away from the wheel,
He sits down with zest at his table of deal.

No bother of notes to be paid on demand,
His girl on his knee, and his boys at each hand,
He is happy and proud as the lord of the land.

Of the meadows about him, he owns not a rod,
No stone of the brook-side, no stick of the wood,
And yet he has shelter, and clothing, and food.

'T is good in his blue eyes the twinkle to see—
That the mill goes wrong never troubles his glee—
'T is I that must pay for the mending, not he.

He laughs when I frown, and he hums, when I sigh,
The pleasant love-ditties of days that are by;
So who is the richer, Elijah or I?

OUT OF FASHION.

BY ALICE WALKER.

"Taste is now the fashionable word. Every thing must be done with taste; that is settled: but where and what that taste *is*, is not quite so certain."

SOME one has defined fashion as being the tyrant of fops and females. In very truth, no tyranny is so powerful, absolute, or imperious; nor, saddest of all, so transitory. Yet though its reign is thus stern and universal, we all dare to joke in its very face.

I rarely venture within the domains of logical reasoning for fear of being termed a strong-minded woman; yet occasionally I like to shoot off a fallacy. Here then; major: to be in fashion is to be like every body else; minor: to be like every body else is to be vulgar; (Latin, *vulgaris* or *vulgaris*, common;) therefore, to be in the fashion is to be vulgar. My instinct tells me there is a gross fallacy wrapped up in one of those premises, and the genteel world must see it; yet I can not precisely give to it "a local habitation or a name." The word *mode*, which is so often on our lips, is from the Latin *mos*, a custom, or, in its plural, *manners*, which, if not, *ought* to be in universal fashion. Yet see how even this may be perverted: to be in the mode is to copy after others; to copy after others is to be weak; therefore, to be in the mode is to be weak. That is poor logic, I know, but is it not funny? I am quite sure, however, that the part of sensible people is not merely to sneer at fashion; it were as foolish to ignore her claims entirely as it is to follow blindly her silliest and wickedest suggestions.

It is quite amusing to note such changes in costume as history or accident has preserved since mother Eve first arrayed herself in fig-leaves. "From grave to gray, from gentle to severe," Madame Fashion has marched on with mincing yet rapid steps, while her numerous followers have panted after, struggling for the honor of carrying her train. By the few mentions made of dress in the Scriptures, we find that the simplicity which characterized the paradisiacal costume was not long retained. As early as the exodus of the Israelites, the Egyptians had ornaments of gold and silver rings for the ears and fingers, which, with "raiment," the children of Israel were commanded to borrow. We know nothing of the styles or modes of that period; but we read of their fine linen, and know that they had the art of coloring their garments of skin and goat's hair with the richest and deepest shades. Mr. Layard's recent interesting discoveries in regard to the domestic life and habits

of the Ninevites, have disclosed to us something of the luxury that marked their dress; and doubtless the maidens of Pompeii wore gold and silver jewels to an extent unsurpassed by a belle of our own day.

Looking through the New Testament, we hear St. Paul advising women to adorn themselves "not outwardly with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." Paul wasted no words; and that he gave this advice shows that love of finery and loyalty to fashion were exhibited very early among the nations. The women of Athens paid so little attention to their dress that they often appeared in public clad in a slovenly and indecent manner. The wise Solon took cognizance of the matter, and enacted laws to the effect that no woman should present herself in public unless properly costumed, annexing the penalty that any such person should have her name paraded upon a placard and be forever disgraced. How many domestic Solons would pass such a law, if they could thereby forever banish from their vision slipshod gaiters and stringy calico wrappers! But hold: the edict of Solon soon led the Athenian women into the opposite extreme of culpable extravagance; the aid of paints and cosmetics was called in to enhance their personal beauty, and the nation was threatened with ruin by the magnificence of their toilets. The sage lawgiver found he was dealing with another creature than warlike men, and hastened to pass new laws against these follies. But these restraining laws had little effect; indeed, they only remained as a monument of Solon's want of tact, while the ladies pursued the career of extravagance in which he had first started them. Yet what with their painting, which amounted almost to tattooing, and their contorting the natural symmetry of their forms, the Athenian ladies came to be an ugly race, and we believe that we have the name of no native beautiful woman of Athens handed down.

It may not be altogether uninteresting if we sketch some of the revolutions of fashion in more modern times. The ancient Britons were compelled—much against their savage nature—to pay some attention to their toilets at the time they were brought under Roman taxation, and tribute to Rome suited them quite as well as tribute to fashion. Thus they adopted by very slow degrees the manners and customs of their subjugators. The Saxon ladies, before the Norman invasion, thought that they heightened their beauty by dyeing their hair blue. They seldom, however, as we learn from an old English writer, changed the fashion of their garments with the

variation of the seasons. The manners of conquered nations usually give way to those of the conquerors, and accordingly we find that among the Saxons many articles, both of men's and women's apparel, began to exhibit a French modishness soon after the conquest. The soft felt hat worn by gentlemen of the present day is but slightly modified from the one introduced into Britain by the Norman landlords. The Saxon ladies wore a head-dress that concealed the hair and neck, showing only the face. In the time of Henry I, however, they were wearing long hair and curls; and the fashion obtained to such an extent as drew upon it the reprobation of Anselm, the then Archbishop of Canterbury. His eloquence prevailed against the ladies, who cut off their curls at his bidding; but he preached in vain against the fashionable shoes of the gentlemen, who wore these necessary articles of dress so long that they were obliged to fasten the toes of them with little chains to their knees.

Just about this period the English ladies assumed the high head-dresses then worn in France, consisting of two pyramids of lace, crape, and ribbons, one on each side of the head, and sometimes adding two or three feet to the height of the wearer. The fate of this invention was not unlike that of more recent ones in dress; it had its day of popularity, and was succeeded by the *commode*, which was worn by the belles at the beginning of the eighteenth century. This was a monstrous head-dress, that by means of wire bore up the hair and forepart of the cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. It was during this last prevalence of the towering head-dresses that Talleyrand says he rode to a dinner party with a lady who, on account of her tall *commode*, was obliged to kneel upon a stool in the carriage. These were the subject of much merriment for the charming Addison, who, arrayed in his heavy, powdered wig, long stockings, and shoes with enormous buckles, sat in his glass house, and threw stones at the ladies. This pleasant writer says, "I choose to regard myself as one set to watch the manners of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down any absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech that makes its appearance in the world in the course of my speculations." In pursuance of which coolly arrogated censorship, he, at different times, handled unsparingly the flaming colored hoods, the party patches, the mountain head-dresses, and the expanding skirts of that day. How much to be regretted that he did not leave, in his genial style, some account of the big, smothering wigs, the three-cornered, gold-

laced hats, the stiff coat collars, and knee-breeches and buckles worn by the gentlemen! The richly-curved and powdered hair worn by ladies of Elizabeth's time had given place to the style of ringlets, parted low on the forehead, or braided or rounded in a knot upon the crown of the head. Who can ever think of good, ugly Queen Bess in any other dress than with white shoes and silk stockings, a wide, expanding skirt, and a ruff that quite surrounds and envelops her royal head? These ruffs assumed, at last, such monstrous proportions, that grave persons were appointed to stand in the public places of London for the purpose of cutting down all ruffs more than a yard in depth! Long after the vain old Queen and all her courtiers, with their high-heeled shoes, and ruffs, and stomachers, and fardingales, had turned to dust, it was that the Spectator and, later, the Tattler condescended to notice ladies' dresses. We have alluded already to Addison's strictures; the dignified Johnson, also, the Great Bear of English literature, devotes more than one of his papers to similar topics. What strange feelings it excites in us to think of our great-grandmothers, or their mothers, provoking the polished shafts of these famous scholars and philosophers by the oddity or absurdity of their dress! Truly, "the fashion of this world passeth away," and the busy throng likewise that then occupied the stage all have passed away like the leaves of summer.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than the dress of the Puritans and Cavaliers in the middle of the seventeenth century. The former were all somber, severe; the latter all gay and gaudy. Thus it was very natural that the fashions of the English Puritans and their notions of dress, odd as they were, should have taken root in this country on their arrival here. The gay apparel and bright colors that prevailed among English people of quality would have been in ill-keeping with the cruel hardships, the stern severities, and the howling winter of their new home. The high purpose that had struck deep into their souls of founding a republic, and building up a nation unto God, forbade them to put on the external tawdry of gewgaws and flaunting ribbons. Such were they in the beginning; but the first new generation of colonists must have shown signs of retrograding. At least so early as 1650 we find the following order among the records of Massachusetts Bay Colony: "The Corte, taking into consideration the superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some new fashions, as also the wearing of silver, gold, and silk laces, hath, therefore, ordered that noe person,

either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel with lace on it, silver, gold, silk, or thread, under the penalty of forfeiture of such garment, provided, and it is the meaning of the Corte, that men and women shall have liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of, (except the immoderate great sleeves and the immoderate long wings.") How singular to think of old Governor Winthrop, and the other dignitaries with him, legislating on the length of a lady's sleeve or the trimming of her dress; it only shows, however, that in all spots of earth, and through all time, there have been found those to worship fashion. About the same time the Court passed an order forbidding any lady to appear with short sleeves in such manner as to expose her arm above the wrist, and prohibiting any person from making, buying, or selling the obnoxious article of lace within the colony. These early efforts of theirs, though, did not quite eradicate from the locality all love of finery; for there are to this day ladies in New England who entertain a secret, if not an expressed, fondness for a rich ribbon or a love of a bonnet!

Not the least absurd feature connected with many fashions that have prevailed, is the manner of their origin. The "Coeur Isabelle," which not a great while ago was almost the only shade recognized by the ultra fashionables in France and England, was a sort of dirty buff. It was originally adopted—I appeal to history if I be not correct—in honorable memory of the condition of the delicate laces and linen of Isabelle of Flanders, who, in her patriotism, refused to change any portion of her dress during the protracted siege of Ostend. The original color of the ribbon and garter bestowed by Edward III upon the knights of St. George, instituted by him in the fourteenth century, was a *sky* blue. But three hundred years later, during the reign of the weak and wicked Charles II, when the Italian Duchess of Mazarine visited England, these badges were, in compliment to her, changed to a *deep* blue—this being her favorite color. And this is to-day the color of the ribbons worn by the knights of England, while Mazarine blue has been ever since recognized as one of fashion's favorite hues. It would be surprising could we know how many fashions have sprung from like foolish incidents. Did a princess of the time of Charles II place a patch upon her cheek to hide an unseemly pimple—the next evening every lady at court appears with her face thus disfigured; and the silly practice soon prevails to such an extent that the Spectator, with all its raillery, can not laugh it down. If a dauphin of France was

afflicted with a slight bunch on his shoulders, lo! the capricious tyrant, acting through French barbers, invents and commands to be worn the full-bottomed wig; and forthwith every man, whether his shoulders are good or bad, covers them with one of these monstrosities. The Duke of Anjou, to conceal a deformity in his foot, devised the long-pointed shoes; and so every gentleman's shoes underwent a great elongation—for was it not a fashion set by a duke?

Thus while the principles of true *taste* are uniform and unchanging, fashion is always variable, capricious, and sometimes absurd. And the freaks she performs among savages or semi-civilized people are not unlike those she executes among us cultivated Americans. If the Chinese beauty pinches her foot out of every natural proportion, the New York belle compresses her waist till she looks like an hour-glass. The Flathead Indian puts rings of brass round his tawny fingers, and rings of copper through his ears; the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Potiphar imitates him, except that she uses gold instead of brass, and diamonds or cameo in place of copper. The senseless and beautiful girls in parts of Asia think they add to their appearance by tinging the eyes and lips with *betel* juice; but who shall reckon how much powder, rouge, etc., American ladies use yearly in a like way?

These things then I take to be true: fashions are often founded in the caprice of weak-minded or wicked people, and to be in the right is often to be out of fashion; external trapping can not conceal a vulgar nature, and a modest character will shine through every disadvantage; true taste does not manifest itself in gaudy display, and the costliest apparel may and often does cover the most unworthy persons.

A SOUR TEMPER.

WHEN moralists, religionists, and philosophers of all sorts, set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to fearful crimes, they overlook one little cause of suffering which blights more happiness, and neutralizes a greater portion of God's bounteous favors, than all the heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight is often found where every thing like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the highest virtues flourish. It is a *sour temper*. Have you such a thing about you?

THE INDIANS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

WE hear little of Washington territory, but accounts of "more Indian outrages," and "another massacre," either of whites by Indians, or—perhaps oftener—of Indians by whites, and, of course, we at once set down the Indians for a quarrelsome, untractable set, with whom there is no living, and who present to the white settler only the melancholy alternative to exterminate his red brother or give up his own scalp.

That this opinion of poor red-skin is not the correct one, we are assured by Mr. Jas. G. Swan, some years a resident of Washington territory, and an honest and plain-dealing man, in a volume* just published, in which he contributes largely to our stock of knowledge of the manners and habits of the Indians of the Pacific coast, as well as of the geography of the vast and fertile tract of country known as Washington territory.

Mr. Swan was one of the earliest settlers of Shoalwater Bay, where he pitched his tent in the fall of 1852, amid some half dozen others, the proprietors of which were engaged in the rather lucrative business of exporting oysters thence to San Francisco. The tent was soon exchanged for a comfortable cabin, which Mr. Swan called his home for the next three years. During this time he was obliged, in the performance of the duties of an office he held from the United States Government, to make frequent excursions along the sea-shore and into the interior, and thence came his experience and his book.

The territory is emphatically a mountainous country, yet contains many rich prairies, of great extent and exceeding fertility. The soil on the mountain slopes, too, has proved very rich wherever clearings have been made by settlers. But as prairie land is found in sufficiency, but few clearings are made, or will be till the territory fills up. The prairies are well watered by numerous streams, which take their rise in the mountains, and empty either into the Columbia or into some of the numerous bays which are found all along shore. That vast portion of the territory situate between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains bids fair to become a rich grazing country, whence will probably be derived, in a few years, a goodly share of the cattle, horses, and wool needed by our Pacific states.

The climate is in some respects similar to that

of Oregon—noted already as the pleasantest and most salubrious in the Union. It is much milder, in all parts of the territory, than in the same parallels of latitude east of the Rocky Mountains. As for the productive powers of the country, wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes yield the most abundant return. For Indian corn the summers are not hot enough, although profitable crops of even this grain are raised. Most orchard and garden fruits thrive—apples in particular attain the greatest perfection. The summers, indeed, appear to be similar to those of northern Germany, while the winters are so mild that violets bloom in December, and the hunters and fishermen pursue their avocations the winter through without inconvenience. For timber, the western or seaward portion of the territory is unequalled. Its forests of fir, spruce, and cedar will add, for many decades to come, vastly to the riches and resources of the inhabitants, and supply all the Pacific coast with spars and lumber. The government geologist reports the existence, in accessible localities, of great quantities of superior coal, and an inexhaustible supply of lead, while—alack the day!—gold is found in placers rich enough to beguile many a foolish son of toil from the slow-moving plow to the more enchanting labor of nugget hunting. The rivers and bays afford a plentiful supply of the choicest fish—salmon, trout, turbot, herring, oysters, and lobsters; while the woods and marshes are alive with vast flocks of white and black swans, white and Canada geese, brant, sheldrake, canvas-back, mallard, and every other species of wild ducks, pheasant, quail, pigeons, etc.

The Indians, now the deadly foes of the American settlers, were at that time, according to Mr. Swan, a childlike, simple race—easily guided if properly humored, but intractable to force; willing to do service—after their fashion—to the whites; loving those who treated them kindly, and not easily offended; relishing the comforts possessed by their white frien'ls, and at all times ready for honest trade; superstitious, and believing still in the superiority of the white man and his power.

Some of the Indian superstitions resemble those of the New Zealanders. They stand in great fear of the dead. They suppose that departed spirits are ever hovering about them, and the cry of a plover, the croaking of a frog will scare these children of the woods from a salmon station or a duck marsh. "The *memelose till-cums*, or dead people, have spoken, and it would be unlucky to continue their expedition."

Awakened by some gun-shots one night, Mr.

* The North-West Coast; or, Three Years Residence in Washington Territory. By James G. Swan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Swan was presently informed by a breathless Indian runner, that the *memelose tillicums* had chased some of his brethren into their lodge near by, and were now hovering about, ready to pounce upon the first unfortunate who should venture out. They desired Mr. Swan to come with *his* power and drive off the spirits, alleging that these were afraid of white men.

They pretend to hear and even see these *memelose*, and to understand what they say. And to account for their habit of teasing the brethren yet in the body, they state that the spirits are so well pleased with their residence in the spiritual hunting-grounds, and have there such jolly times, that they ceaselessly lament the absence of the loved ones left behind, and lose no occasion to make way with them, as the only method of bringing them to a speedy enjoyment of future bliss. Notwithstanding which pleasant prospect, these simple heathen display a most civilized dislike to shuffling off their mortal coil.

When the young men come of age, the ambitious among them undergo the ordeal of a protracted feast, lasting from five to seven days. They suppose that to those among them worthy of the honor of chieftainship will be vouchsafed a vision of their *Tomanawos*, or familiar spirit, who communicates to them by words or symbols the leading events of his future. The young man preparing to fast proceeds to the top of a hill, provided only with a stone hatchet and a bowl of water. He builds a fire and keeps this constantly burning, being allowed neither to sleep nor eat during his vigil; and being furthermore expected to sing, jump through and about the fire, and call on his familiar spirit. Mr. Swan knew one young man who failed in this fast, giving up at the third day. He immediately retired to private life, giving up his darling ambition to become the medicine-man of his tribe. This individual asserted that he saw, not his *Tomanawos*, but divers *skookums*, or devils, who told him he would never succeed.

The office of doctor, or medicine-man, to the Chenoos, is one of great importance. When an Indian is sick enough to call the doctor—that is, just before he or she gives up the ghost—extensive preparations are made to receive that functionary. The doctor brings with him his wife and children, all of whom are quartered upon the sick individual till he either recovers or dies. The chief curative agent, singularly enough, is *mesmerism*. This, with faith on the part of the sick, proved efficient in several violent cases of inflammatory rheumatism and liver complaint, coming under Mr. Swan's notice. The scale of medi-

cal charges is quite high; but a death under the doctor's hands is apt to be revenged upon the unfortunate medico by the relatives of the deceased.

Their women are treated better than is usual among Indians. The men do not disdain to perform many of the offices of household drudgery; and besides this every family of consequence has several slaves. When a young girl reaches womanhood she is made to go through a process of purification, consisting of frequent bathing and rubbing the body with rotten wood. This lasts a month, during which time the girl is not permitted to eat of any thing just then in season—either salmon, sturgeon, shell-fish, or berries—as it is believed that, should she commit such a dietetic extravagance, the fish would disappear, the shell-fish would die, and the berries would fall off the bushes without ripening.

Their ideas of a future state are rather vague. They locate their heaven in the center of the earth, which they believe to be hollow, and the seat of universal happiness. The spirit habitants do not fight, but have a very pleasant time, and full liberty to revisit the earth. The souls of bad people at death are sent to inhabit birds, beasts, and fishes, and even trees and stones. The creaking of the forest trees in the winter wind is thought to be the wail of incarcerated *memelose*.

The marriage ceremony consists simply in paying over to the parents of the bride such articles as are presumed to represent her fair market value—be this slaves, guns, canoes, or what not. The Chenoos men have a passion for marrying women much their seniors, saying that a young man has not sense enough to take care of himself, and, therefore, needs a wife with enlarged experience to do so.

When a death occurs a large canoe is cleaned and prepared to receive the corpse. Two stout holes are cut in the canoe's bottom, of late, to prevent sacrilegious whites from using the canoes. The body, well wrapped up, is placed in the canoe, a smaller one is laid over it, like a lid, and then amid chants this coffin is raised from the ground to the hight of six or seven feet and secured to stakes previously prepared. The kitchen utensils of deceased are now broken, and the fragments placed on stakes about the canoe. The place is ever after avoided by the Indians. One year after the death the canoe is opened and the bones of the deceased are taken out, wrapped in cloth, and buried beneath the canoe. A precisely-similar custom obtains in New Zealand.

The most singular custom of these Indians is, that of flattening or compressing the head. A

cradle is hollowed out of cedar, and lined inside with the softest of cedar bark pounded fine, and thus made as luxurious as lamb's wool. On this the infant is placed as soon as born, and covered with the richest cloth or skins the parents can procure. A little pillow at one end slightly elevates the head. The child is placed flat on its back, and a cushion of wool or feathers is laid on its forehead. An oblong piece of wood or bark, fastened by strings at one end to the canoe, is now brought down upon the cushion and firmly secured by strings to the sides of the cradle. This causes the cushion to press upon the child's forehead. The infant is then secured in such manner that it can not stir hand or foot. In this cradle it remains for at least a year, being taken out only for exercise or to be washed. The pressure upon the forehead causes the head to expand laterally, making the face very broad. But Mr. Swan did not perceive that the strange and unnatural compression ever affected the minds of those subjected to it. Persons who have not suffered this deforming process are objects of ridicule with the Indians, who evidently consider it traditionally a kind of distinction. Slaves do not have their heads flattened.

We will close our account of these Indians with some particulars concerning their modes of fishing for salmon, which seems not only the most delicious but also the most abundant and useful fish on that coast.

"The whole population of the village was astir," says Mr. Swan, describing a fishing post, "white men and Indians, squaws, children, and dogs—all were awake and eager to enter upon the labors of the morning, and long before the sun was up all were intently engaged.

"The Chenook salmon commences to enter the river the last of May, and is most plentiful about the 20th of June. It is, without doubt, the finest salmon in the world, and, being taken so near the ocean, has its fine flavor in perfection.

"These salmon resemble those of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in Maine, but are much larger and fatter. I have seen those that weighed eighty pounds; and one gentleman informed me that twelve salmon he had in his smoke-house averaged sixty-five pounds each, the largest weighing seventy-eight pounds. The Chenook fishery is carried on by means of nets. These are made by the whites of the twine prepared for the purpose, and sold as salmon-twine, and rigged with floats and sinkers in the usual style. The nets of the Indians are made of a twine spun by themselves from the fibers of spruce roots prepared for the purpose, or from a species of grass

brought from the north by the Indians. It is very strong, and answers the purpose admirably. Peculiar-shaped sticks of dry cedar are used for floats, and the weights at the bottom are round beach pebbles, about a pound each, notched to keep them from slipping from their fastenings, and securely held by withes of cedar firmly twisted and woven into the foot-rope of the net.

"The nets vary in size from a hundred feet long to a hundred fathoms, or six hundred feet, and from seven to sixteen feet deep.

"Three persons are required to work a net, except the very large ones, which require more help to land them. The time the fishing is commenced is at the top of high water, just as the tide begins to ebb. A short distance from the shore the current is very swift, and with its aid these nets are hauled. Two persons get into the canoe, on the stern of which is coiled the net on a frame made for the purpose, resting on the canoe's gunwale. She is then paddled up the stream, close to the beach, where the current is not so strong. A tow-line, with a wooden float attached to it, is then thrown to the third person, who remains on the beach, and immediately the two in the canoe paddle her into the rapid stream as quickly as they can, throwing out the net all the time. When this is all out, they paddle ashore, having the end of the other tow-line made fast to the canoe. Before all this is accomplished the net is carried down the stream, by the force of the ebb, about the eighth of a mile, the man on the shore walking along slowly, holding on to the line till the others are ready, when all haul in together. As it gradually closes on the fish, great caution must be used to prevent them from jumping over; and as every salmon has to be knocked on the head with a club for the purpose, which every canoe carries, it requires some skill and practice to perform this feat so as not to bruise or disfigure the fish.

"The fishermen are not always lucky. Sometimes the net is hauled repeatedly without success; but in seasons of plenty great hauls are often made, and frequently a hundred fine fish of various sizes are taken at one cast of the seine.

"It was formerly the custom among the Chenook Indians, on the appearance of the first salmon, to have a grand feast, with dancing and other performances suited to the occasion; but the tribe has now dwindled down to a mere handful, and they content themselves simply with taking out the salmon's heart as soon as caught—a ceremony they religiously observe, fearful lest by any means a dog should eat one, in which case they think they can catch no more fish that season.

The fish taken by the whites are served in the same manner by the Indians in their employ.

"As soon as the tide has done running ebb, the fishing for the day is over, and the Indians, after selecting what they wish for themselves, take the rest to the whites to trade off for different articles, whisky in all cases holding the pre-eminence.

"The choice part of a salmon with the Indians is the head, which is stuck on a stick and slowly roasted by the fire. The other part is cut into large, flat slices, with skewers stuck through to keep them spread; then, placed in a split stick, as a palm-leaf fan is placed in its handle, with the ends of this stick or handle projecting far enough beyond the fish to be tied with a wisp of beach grass to secure the whole, this stick is thrust in the sand firmly and at the right distance from the fire, so that the fish can roast without scorching. Clam-shells are placed underneath to catch the oil, which will run from these rich, fat salmon almost in a stream. Neither pepper, salt, nor butter were allowed during this culinary operation, nor were they needed; the delicate and delicious flavor would have been spoiled by the addition of either," says Mr. Swan.

A STORY OF A MARTYRDOM.

BY J. E. JACKSON.

"I WILL rise, for I can not rest to-night," said a prisoner, as he quitted his couch in the early dawn of a summer morning. He was confined in a cell in the Compter, one of the London prisons situate in the Poultry. His sleep had been disturbed by dreams. He had imagined that there was brought to the Compter gate a chain with which he was to be bound to the stake; and that he was to be removed at once to Newgate, and thence to Smithfield, whence so many martyrs have gone up, as in a chariot of fire, to heaven. Two weary years of confinement had passed over his head; he had been removed from prison to prison; and Popish emissaries had vainly endeavored to shake his faith. They had tried many tactics. Transubstantiation—their test-doctrine—had been argued without effect. Excommunicated from the Church of Rome, he still maintained that he was a member of the Catholic Church, which, to quote his own words, is to be found wherever the word of God is "truly taught." When entreated to consider his kinsfolk and friends, and to think what a grief it would be to them to know that he was executed for heresy, he nobly answered, "I have learned to forsake father, mother, brother, sister, yea, even mine own life also; for else I can not be Christ's disciple."

When he had arisen, he betook himself to reading and prayer. A touching scene truly it must have been, to see this steadfast confessor communing with his Redeemer, while the crown of martyrdom was suspended over his head. He had a fellow-prisoner, who was confined in the same chamber, and with whom he often conversed during the day on subjects suited for one who was waiting for the summons which was to hurry him away to a fiery death. This was his last earthly Sabbath. In the afternoon he went with his companion to take exercise in the jailer's apartment. As they were pacing to and fro the keeper's wife ran up to them, and with an agitated voice and look said, that she had come to bring our prisoner heavy news.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Marry," quoth she, "to-morrow you must be burned; your chain is now a-buying, and soon you must go to Newgate."

Uncovering his head, and raising up his eyes to heaven, "I thank God," he said, "for it. I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour. The Lord make me worthy thereof! I thank you, mistress," he added, "for your kind feeling for me; and now I will to my chamber again."

There he spent a long time in prayer. Afterward, addressing his fellow-prisoner, he said,

"Take care of these few papers for me, good Master Harrington, I pray you, and send them to my mother. She will cherish them as the dying tokens of her unworthy son." He also made known to his companion a few other wishes.

In the evening some sweet and profitable hours were spent with several other friends who were permitted to visit him. When midnight drew near, and the time of his departure from the Compter was at hand, with streaming eyes and fervent tones he uttered a farewell prayer. His heart was full, and those who were present were deeply touched.

He now put on an under garment which had been made for him to wear at his martyrdom, by one who, having performed many other kind deeds for him, had included among them this affecting token of her regard. At about midnight he was taken to Newgate.

This time had been chosen in order that the removal might be made without any manifestation of public feeling; but a report had gone forth, that the martyr was to suffer on the following day; and as he passed along the streets toward Newgate, multitudes saluted him with tearful eyes and commended him to the care of God.

"Farewell, good master, and may God be with you," was the burden of many a salutation. The sympathy thus manifested was gently responded to by farewells and prayers from the steadfast sufferer.

Could the reader have visited Smithfield on the following day, a busy but saddening sight would have met his troubled gaze. Crowds of men and women—for women, too, came—would have been found there as early as four o'clock on that Monday morning. A rumor had been spread that at that early hour the execution would take place. Hour after hour rolled on, and still no victim was there. At length the martyr passed out of Newgate. Stretching out his hand over the people, he gave a velvet cap which he then wore, a handkerchief, and a few other articles, to a friend whom he espied.

"Take them, mine own good brother," said he, "they are the last tokens of my love that I can ever give thee."

His brother-in-law now came up and shook him by the hand; but before they could speak Sheriff Woodrofe—who, as Foxe tells us, "was wont to laugh at martyrdoms"—gave this relative a blow on the head with his staff and wounded him severely.

"Farewell, Roger," said the martyr, "it grieves me that you should suffer for my sake; but hasten to Master Weston, the chirurgeon, and he will see to your hurt. Give my love to my dear mother and to all our friends, and tell them that to die for Christ's sake is easy."

When our martyr reached the place of death, he prostrated himself on the ground and prayed silently. So did a fellow-sufferer who was condemned to die at the same time, and whose youthful heart—for he was but twenty years old—had not feared to choose martyrdom rather than apostasy.

"Stand up, caitiffs," said the brutal sheriff, "and do not waste time in useless prayers."

This summons was immediately obeyed.

Our martyr then embraced first a fagot, and then the stake.

"Allow me," said he, "I pray you, to give my garments to my servant; for I have nothing else to give him, and he is a poor man."

"O! he may have them; they savor of heresy and ought to be burnt; but be quick," was the reply.

The martyr then stripped off his upper clothing, and walking up to the stake and raising his eyes and his hands toward heaven, broke forth—

"O England, England, repent thee of thy sins; repent thee of thy sins. Beware of idolatry; be-

ware of antichrists; take heed that they do not deceive thee."

"Tie the fellow's hands if he will not keep his prating tongue quiet," said the sheriff; "these cursed heretics are always glib-tongued."

To which the sufferer replied: "O master sheriff, I am quiet! God forgive you this."

An attendant contemptuously observed, "If you have no better learning than that you are but a fool, and were best hold your peace."

Without replying to this insolent remark our martyr next said: "I beg for the forgiveness of all whom I may have offended, as I do forgive all who have wronged me in word or deed. I beseech you to pray for me, my friends," he added, addressing the spectators of the harrowing scene. Then turning to his youthful fellow-martyr, John Leafe, a London apprentice, he said:

"Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night;" and clasping the reeds with which he was surrounded, he spoke these final words, "'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.'

The fire was now kindled, and its fatal work was soon over. In imagination let us muse on the scene we have contemplated.

And first of all, be it remembered, that this is no fancy sketch, but a picture of the martyrdom of Rev. John Bradford, A. M.; a man distinguished for holiness among the many eminent Christians who perished in these bloody times. Of the speeches put into the mouths of those who figured in this tragedy, many are extracted even word for word from history; while others are only the substance of historical accounts put into the form of dialogue, in order to add animation to the story, and to render it more lifelike. The writer has but occasionally given a fictitious name to a speaker, when he did not know the true one.

What is especially to be learned from this painful narrative, is the *persecuting character of the Papal Church*; whose pretense of infallibility compels her to pronounce this frightful deed of cruelty a meritorious and righteous act. And although public opinion and considerations of policy constrain her, even in Roman Catholic states, to adopt, in some instances, a course of procedure more lenient than this, yet recent events show that *her nature is still unchanged*. Though she may not burn her victims in the open light of day, we know that she wastes their health and their lives in wearisome confinement. What she does more than this, is known to Him whose ear can catch the faintest groans of those who may be lying in her secret prisons.

FALL.

BY M. E. WILCOX.

THE cucumber-vines in the garden-bed
 Have turned since yesterday sear and brown.
 The great soft maple is spotted with red,
 And his leaves, like blood, come dropping down.
 The sumachs down by the meadow wall
 Are flaming like fire with their scarlet leaves.
 All day in the orchard the apples fall,
 And squirrels chatter among the sheaves.
 Where lately the blooms of the liver-leaf grew,
 The coral beds of the arum stand,
 And gossamer webs shine bright with dew
 All over the russet pasture-land.
 The chestnut-burs are beginning to ope,
 The butternut's fruit from his gray arms falls,
 And away on the cornfield's western slope
 The pumpkins lie scattered like golden balls.
 Far off on the hills what glories shine!
 How the living splendors burn and glow!
 O thronged October! such pomp as thine
 No other monarch on earth may know.
 But thy sad, sad wind at sunset grieves,
 And shakes the jewels out of thy crown,
 And in the dying light, the leaves,
 Like handfuls of gold, come scattering down.
 Dear Mother Nature! my beautiful joy!
 Thou hast been so kind all the summer long!
 Thou hast soothed away my heart's annoy,
 And hushed me to peace with thy smiles and song.
 Thou hast tenderly smoothed my heated brow
 With the cool, soft palms of the blessed air.
 Now, I can not bear to have it go,
 This glory that makes the world so fair!
 Dear Mother Nature! so calm, so sweet!
 I love thee more than my lips can tell.
 Yet soon thou wilt banish my lingering feet
 From thy pleasant haunts in ravine and dell.
 Thy fierce cold winds on my head will blow,
 Thou wilt smite me harshly with hail and rain,
 Thou wilt bar me away with thy heaped-up snow
 From the woods for which I shall long in vain.
 I do not think that the woods of heaven
 Are ever tinted, like these, with fall;
 For God's own life to their leaves is given,
 And deathless summer shines over all.
 No wind can blight those blossoming trees,
 No frost can sully one shining leaf,
 And we shall not say, as we say of these,
 "Alas! that such brightness should be so brief!"

MERRY BELLS.

BY MARY J. FINLEY.

How sweet the chime,
 At even time,
 Of merry bells!
 And O how sweet,
 In calm retreat,
 Their music tells!
 I love to sit,
 While shadows flit,

In some loved spot,
 And hear the bells,
 Whose music swells,
 To cheer our lot.

When all alone,
 In softened tone,
 To hear them chime,
 Brings back a day,
 Long passed away,
 In childhood's time.

Those chiming bells,
 With merry swells,
 No more I hear,
 Which oft did greet,
 With music sweet,
 My childish ear.

And can it be,
 No more I'll see
 Those scenes again,
 Nor hear in time
 Those bells' soft chime,
 As I did these?
 Ah! yes 't is so,
 Too well I know
 The dreaded truth;
 Each pleasant day
 Has passed away,
 As has my youth.

HAPPY DAY.

BY REV. C. BABCOCK.

ABSENT from the body, I
 Shall be present with the Lord;
 Raised to mansions in the sky,
 By the merit of his blood;
 I shall see Immanuel's face—
 Share the riches of his grace.

Patriarchs and prophets there,
 All arrayed in robes of white,
 Crowns of life and glory wear,
 'Mid the first-born sons of light;
 Join their songs in holy lay,
 Happy day! O, happy day!

Hail! all hail! celestial throng,
 Trophies of redeeming grace;
 Sweeping harps of wond'rous song,
 To the great Messiah's praise;
 Near the throne on Zion's hight,
 'Mid the flowery plains of light.

Thence the Lord in flaming fire,
 Shall with majesty descend,
 With his bright angelic choir,
 While ten thousand saints attend;
 Slumbering millions, far and near,
 Then his trumpet voice shall hear.

Seas and graves shall yield their dead,
 All receive their final doom;
 Saints ascend with Christ their head,
 In immortal youth to bloom;
 Pass from earth to heaven away,
 Happy day! O, happy day!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INCONSTANCY;
OR, GOSSIP TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

IT was on a bright morning that two ladies were seated at work in a pleasant breakfast-room, commanding a view of a garden bright with early flowers, and wearing the indescribable charm which spring sheds upon every spot in town and country, but most on the objects of rural nature; the green earth and its renovated beauties. The elder lady, Mrs. Goodwin, lived in a delightful village upon our eastern coast; her companion, Mrs. Chatterton, was her guest.

"I am amused," said the latter lady, looking up from her worsted work, "by the social revolutions which I observe in your village. I suppose the influx of visitors and of temporary residents gives scope for them; and besides, as our old minister's wife used to say, 'It is a changing world'; and the same principle, I suppose, works every-where. In our visit to Mrs. Oatlands yesterday, I could not but perceive that your minister's family are not the reigning favorites they were. Going down rapidly, I should say. Mr. Lawnly's sermons, which I had imagined to be quite beyond criticism, were evidently not an agreeable topic. They were 'well enough,' Mrs. Oatlands allowed; but she could not listen with pleasure, she said, to a man who, out of the pulpit, was so cold and distant in his intercourse with his parishioners; and she added, in her glib way, that she was afraid he thought more of tickling the ears of the high and mighty people among the visitors than of pleasing or edifying his friends and neighbors in the village."

Mrs. Goodwin shook her head. "And what reply did you make?" said she. "Did you encourage the flow of these running comments for your own amusement?"

"No," said Mrs. Chatterton; "I ventured to say that I did not think there was any 'clap-trap' about Mr. Lawnly; and that the passing compliments of strangers could not be supposed to be an object to him. You know how much I admire your minister's discourses. They seem to me to teach both head and heart, which is the Bible mode. His delivery, to be sure, is not attractive, but his style is correct; and his people may well value a pastor who, with a deep sense of the importance of the truths which he preaches, combines a vigorous and cultivated intellect. Perhaps, however, I might have spoken a little more decidedly; but there is something in Mrs. Oatlands's manner which *does* amuse me."

It may be as well to inform the reader that this Mrs. Oatlands had once, in by-gone days, been

herself one of the visitors to the sea-coast village in which she now lived. There were those who remembered to have seen her behind a milliner's counter in a large town, and who well knew her subsequent history. Being niece to the head of the establishment, she had inherited a handsome fortune; and with a good face and figure, an effective style of dress, and a certain natural vivacity, to which must be added a readiness in adapting her habits and manners to the usages of society as they came under her observation, she had attracted, on visiting with a party of strangers this popular little watering-place, considerable attention; and particularly that of an easy-tempered elderly gentleman, whose fortune had been much impaired by unsuccessful speculations and rather expensive habits. To obtain an introduction to her was not difficult; and notwithstanding the want of education which rendered her somewhat *amusing* to her acquaintances, the *ci-devant* milliner, on becoming Mrs. Oatlands, got on, as she herself would have expressed it, "wonderful well."

To return, however, to the conversation between the two friends.

"Mrs. Oatlands," continued Mrs. Chatterton, "would have it that poor Mr. Lawnly had an eye to the grandees in 'the stranger's pew'; and then she mentioned some clergyman to whom a Lady Georgiana Howard had left her fortune, books, pictures, etc., and added, in her flippant, vulgar manner, 'Ah! these grave-faced gentlemen know where the loaves and fishes are; and I dare say Mr. Lawnly is as wide awake as his neighbors. Besides, he has a large family, and money must be an important object to him.'"

"A charitable conclusion!" observed Mrs. Goodwin. "The rule, however, of judging others by ourselves, does not hold in every case. You had stumbled upon an unfortunate subject."

"So I thought," replied her friend; "and as my eyes turned to that beautiful painting by Ruysdael, which you know was such a favorite with Mr. Oatlands's mother, I made some remark upon it to an intelligent-looking girl who was sitting by me. She proved to be fond of drawing and sketching, and, unluckily, she mentioned that Susan and Helen Lawnly drew well from nature. This brought us back into the old vein, and Mrs. Oatlands rejoined, 'Yes; too well, I think, for a clergyman's daughter. It is all very well for them to be accomplished; but not when it makes them hold their heads above their father's parishioners. They prefer their sketching, or something, to *my* company, for I am seldom honored with the sight of them if I call; and I do n't see what

harm it would do them to chat a little sometimes with some of our farmers' daughters, or even to call and see them once and awhile. They might find pianos and paintings, too, in *their* houses; people get on fast in these days."

"That is just one of the hasty remarks that leave an injurious impression," said Mrs. Goodwin. "The Lawnlys are kind and pleasing to every one, and are brought up upon a systematic plan of visiting the poor. But they have only just left the school-room, and their real education, far from being finished, is, in the opinion of all who can form a just judgment, in its most critical stage. Where, then, would be the advantage, at present, of their visiting and chattering in all the houses in the parish? The very parties of whom Mrs. Oatlands speaks, would, I believe, make no complaint of them, unless persuaded to do so by some such talker as herself."

"Ah! well," said Mrs. Chatterton, "there are these fickle April-skyed people every-where."

"Yea," replied her friend, "but instead of the sweet flowers that April brings, such people scatter idle weeds by their conversation; and it were well if that were the worst; their words too often plant wormwood and thorns in the minds of those who hear them."

"Well," said Mrs. Chatterton, "perhaps I am a little too lenient in my estimate of this amusing little busy-body; but the fact is, that knowing her story, I am entertained by observing the results which show themselves, not gracefully or beneficially indeed, but very decidedly in her present deportment. You know I was here when as Miss Bobinet she made her first appearance in the place. I was acquainted with all the steps of her 'rise in life,' and heard the sage strictures, all of which she now repays with interest. When I was last here, your present pastor had only just arrived, and her house was thrown open to him and to his family. When the poor people were in the midst of their unpacking, and of course fagged to an extreme, Mrs. Oatlands, I remember, would not be satisfied unless they appeared at her dinner-table to meet some friends to whom she wished to introduce them; and as she had shown them great civility, they felt themselves constrained to comply."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Goodwin, "she has always her schemes and her parties for other people, till they are tired of it, and wish to be left to their own plans and wishes; and then the burden of our poor friend's complaint is the caprice and ingratitude that she meets with. However, there generally comes a new face to replace the old."

"Well, as I said before," replied Mrs. Chatter-

ton, "we meet with shifting clouds and fitful changes every-where; life, as Kirke White observes in one of his beautiful poems, 'is a peevish April day.'

"True," rejoined Mrs. Goodwin; "yet it is not the *unavoidable* changes and fluctuations of life that do the mischief; *that* is attributable to the workings of evil in its various forms in our hearts. As to changes, it is by his frequent illustrations drawn from the natural vicissitudes of times and seasons that our good pastor—to recur to him, and to the charge brought against him—often impresses me with the conviction that his heart is with his people. In his sermon last Sunday, for instance, on 'sowing to the Spirit,' how strongly and ably, while insisting upon the invincible power of Almighty grace, he enforced by an allusion to the natural influences of rain and sunshine in conjunction with the operations of husbandry, the duty of human effort; thus showing that while it is 'God that worketh in us both to will and to do,' we must labor to 'work out' our salvation; and although these truths may be trite to the ear, they have always the same freshness to the heart."

"Well, certainly," said Mrs. Chatterton, "the way in which Bible-thinkers bring the light of Scripture to bear upon the common thoughts and duties of life, might go far to convince even a skeptical mind that it is the true light; for it really seems applicable to all events and objects, and casts its radiance upon all things."

And so saying, Mrs. Chatterton quitted the apartment.

"Mamma," said Marion Goodwin, who during the foregoing conversation had been practicing upon the piano-forte, and who now left the instrument and came to her mother's chair; "mamma, I really think that, as Mrs. Chatterton says, there are fickle April-skyed people every-where. Your conversation has reminded me of one of my school-fellows whom I did once like very much; but I have found that she is exceedingly capricious. When I first went to school you know, mamma, this girl and I shared the same sleeping-room, and were in the same class; and we walked together, and were excellent friends. She was then very attentive to her lessons, and was interested in history and poetry; and although she used sometimes to talk of things that you have taught me not to care about—such as her great friends in New York, their parties, and their gayeties, and all that—yet still I thought she liked me for my own sake, and many a pleasant chat we had together. To be sure she would sometimes exclaim, 'O! I hope when I leave school I

shall have something a little more exciting than these rural walks?' or, 'What you want, Marion, is a little more style; a little more *shine* upon you!' However, we went on quite happily till the two Miss Hautons came. They had been at a school in Paris, and were very stylish, and dressed well, and spoke French and Italian, and I soon saw that my friend Fanny's heart was turned from me to them. She now seldom walked with me; and when she did, the subjects of which we had been accustomed to talk, seem to have ceased to interest her. She still attended to her lessons; for Fanny was not deficient in sense; but her tastes seemed changed, and she was continually looking forward to schemes of visiting and of pleasure when she should have left school; things which I thought very trifling. Our pleasant intercourse was at an end; and besides, she adopted a sharp odd way of remarking upon my 'taste for simplicity,' and my 'primitive notions'; and she used to leave me, as she called it, to 'rusticate' by myself. Miss Mason, the head teacher, said to me one day, that though she was sorry for the change which had taken place between us, she hoped I should see that the simple and solid tastes which you had given me were worth much more than the favor of a vain and unsteady mind; and she added, that persons possessing minds of that character, however clever they might be, were not worth fretting after as companions. But how is it, mamma, that people are so fickle and changeable? It seems as if they did not know their own real tastes."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Goodwin, "if you live long enough, you may probably see more of this sort of caprice in others; and perhaps you may even detect it in the movements of your own heart; and for this latter reason it is well that you should be able to trace it to its source. Remember, that while human nature continues to be what it is, it is not every kindly impulse in ourselves, not every show of it in others, which is to be trusted. The subtle leaven of selfishness is in every heart, and mingles itself with, and alloys our best social feelings; so that in these there is too often as little of true generosity as of the judgment which should direct our intimate friendships. Often, too, intimacy is simply the result of circumstances; and as these are changed, so also are the feelings which produce external demonstrations of regard. Miss A. has greater pretensions in society than any which Miss B. can venture to assert; she has more of its *shine* and *glitter*. Miss B. is dazzled by these, and no more deferential or obliging acquaintance being for the moment within reach, Miss A. receives her gra-

cially, is radiant with smiles, and the intimacy makes rapid progress. At length, however, some more distinguished or more agreeable damsel steps upon the scene, and Miss B. has her *conge*; the new friend is vastly more *comme il faut*, and the old one is no longer valued.

"Again: it may be that in more advanced life, we may meet with acquaintances who interest us, and who are in such a position that we have the power to assist and bring them forward. We are stimulated by the sort of importance with which this invests us; and we exert our good offices, and display them to others. Circumstances, however, assume a new form, and our services lose their value. Even when they were at their warmest, our friends, very possibly, felt themselves rather oppressed by our officiousness, though they could not escape from it. Then the 'pressure from without' being removed, and no real cordiality existing, a coolness springs up, and we are sensible of something which we can scarcely call neglect or ingratitude, but which is the natural consequence of our bustling intrusiveness, and feel that the impetus of our self-importance, by urging us into an intimacy with persons with whom we have no congeniality of character, has impelled us to a point which we can not hold.

"And here, my love," continued the mother, "has been, as I suspect, the true ground of separation between yourself and your *ci-devant* friend. As you live longer, my dear girl, you will find the need of a certain agreement of sentiment between friends; and as nothing but experience can effectually teach in this matter, I do not, upon the whole, regret the disappointment which you have suffered. Fanny was quite clever and intelligent, but she had not those principles and tastes which keep the mind pure and unspotted from the vain and hurtful influences of the world. In this case the breaking off of the intimacy involved no loss on your part. The contrary might have been the case. If the Lawnllys, for instance, withdrew themselves from the society of Mrs. Oatlands, the loss was hers."

"But, mamma," said Marion, "although I did not think that Fanny would have changed so completely, I always saw in her something of the turn of mind that showed itself so plainly at last; and, perhaps, I ought to have stood rather aloof from her; though it would have been odd, too, if I had avoided a companion at school of my own standing."

"I should not have wished you to do so, my dear," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I like, especially at your age, an open, unsuspicious, social disposition; and that you have shown such a one has been, I

believe, in this case, the head and front of your offending. Only let this page of experience be a lesson for you for the future, and especially in forming intimacies, be on your guard against vain and worldly influences; and be jealous of whatever may seem to militate against a taste for the simple and quiet pleasures which are to be found at home, in the country, every-where.

"To speak, however," continued the mother, "a little more particularly of *friendship*; that delicate, and, to young hearts, most attractive thing. The intimacies of some people seem to be matters of accident; and those who form such are always *in hot water*; boiling over with zeal and energy toward the new objects of their regard; or chafing and fuming at disappointment and failure. True, the wound may not, in this latter case, be very deep; for the evaporating process goes on rapidly when a fresh face appears; but still the mind is hurried and worried about things which profit not, and its kindly inclinations are wasted. Do you not see, my dear, that the steady influence of high Christian principle is needed here? This would check these unprofitable fits and starts, for it is consistent and permanent. The charity that 'seeketh not her own,' and the faith which 'overcometh the world,' and the love of it, purify and regulate our social affections; while without these Christian graces, the semblance of regard, and the warm profession, which perhaps attract for a while the craving sympathies of the heart, will prove but worthless weeds. In this world there is continual movement and change; and those who have no better guide than the mere interests of our vain and selfish nature, will find themselves subject to continual loss and disappointment. Such persons will exclaim against the ingratitude of mankind; and their schemes, and the idols of their fond hopes, will end in vexation of spirit; while those whose minds are steadied and purified by Divine grace, will pursue their quiet and useful course; and while they find some hearts to be refreshed by the dew of their kindness, their own wilderness-way will be cheered by many a green resting-place, and their spirits revived by many a fragrant flower. It is true, that the thorn and the thistle will sometimes show themselves; but this will wholesomely remind them of the blight which sin has cast upon this fair world, and will lead them to look more entirely to Him who alone is to be loved with a perfect love."

"Still," said Marion, "it is rather sad to reflect, that our friendships and our pleasures are so short-lived and so uncertain. Surely there are *some* that are good and lasting."

"I do not say that there are not, my dear,"

replied her mother; "but remember the passage in Cowper that you admired so very much on yesterday,

'Here, every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers.'

These are grave truths; but it is well to think of them, even at your bright and buoyant age, and before cloudy experience comes. Such knowledge will not turn your hair gray, or bring one wrinkle before its time; but it will stay and check that extravagance of feeling which often causes after-pain to the young heart. The warm affections of some persons are most difficult to restrain. They distort the judgment, cause inconsistent and ill-regulated action, and too often injure the simplicity of the Christian character. The only remedy for the mental idolatry which holds any created object inordinately dear, is an increased watchfulness over the health of that hidden life which lies between God and the soul; and a more diligent use of all known means in support of it. The form of religion is nothing, unless the heart be kept consecrated to God. If we draw nigh unto him, he will draw nigh unto us; and in such communion there is a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not. I know so well the sorrow that might be avoided by early devotedness of the heart to God, that I am the more earnest in thus counseling you. I am sure that it is those who give their young affections—the first-fruits of their hearts—to him, instead of seeking the friendship of the world, that will be favored and enriched by him. It is the true Christian only who enjoys the only true peace which is to be found in this world of vicissitude and trial, and it is he only who shall hereafter be completely and eternally satisfied."

E.

DIFFERENT ELEMENTS OF POWER.

The grosser and inferior instruments of power lose their ascendancy in contrast with the finer and higher. In early times and rude ages, brute force performed the toils, and advanced the civilizing career of life. The quadrupedal has given place to the mechanical age. Beasts of burden have had their day. They carried on the work of the world, till the interests of society and the sagacity of man led to a higher substitution of material aid and advancement in the use of the subtle powers of heat, steam, electricity, and fire. The primary agents were conveniences and helps to the feeble and helpless, but the ultimate ones are miracles of intelligence and supremacy in the hands of the mighty and powerful.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

NUMBER XII.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO programme of the literary women of America would be complete unless it included the name of the celebrated author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It has happened to the lot of few women to be praised so highly and censured so severely. And to still fewer has the privilege been accorded of making so profound an impression upon the age.

Mrs. Stowe was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, about the year 1812. Her father was at that time pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place. He was then just rising into fame as a pulpit orator, and was soon after invited to the pastoral charge of a Church in Boston. His daughter inherited good intellectual parts and no ordinary degree of energy of character from her parents. In Boston she enjoyed the very best advantages of education the city afforded. Designing to prepare herself for the work of an instructor, she acquired not only the ordinary accomplishments of female education, but also addressed herself to the severer studies formerly pursued almost exclusively by the sterner sex.

Catherine, her eldest sister, had established a school for the education of young ladies in Boston, and at an early age Harriet became her assistant. About the year 1832 Dr. Beecher was induced to resign his pastorate in Boston, and enter upon the presidency of Lane Seminary. This institution is located on Walnut Hills, a beautiful village in the environs of Cincinnati. Giving up their school in Boston, the two daughters accompanied their father to the west. They opened a similar school in Cincinnati, and Harriet continued to assist her sister till her marriage to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, who was at that time Professor of Biblical Literature in the Seminary of which her father was President. About the year 1851 or 1852 Dr. Stowe was transferred to a professorship in the Andover Theological Seminary, near Boston, and here the family now reside.

Mrs. Stowe entered upon her domestic duties and cares with the same energy that had marked her character in other departments of life. She devoted herself assiduously to the education of her children; nor were her hands unused to the labors demanded by her household. Yet her literary pursuits were not abandoned. In her leisure moments she busied herself with her pen. In this way she produced a large number of

sketches, tales, etc., many of which were published in the magazines and newspapers of the day. Some of them were deservedly popular, and had a wide circulation. These fugitive pieces, or a part of them at least, have been collected and published in a volume called "The Mayflower"—a work entirely eclipsed by the brighter luster of her great work. Yet even here we not unfrequently see the touch of the master-hand throwing a charm over trivial details, and clothing with the deepest interest the slightest thread of history.

Though we have to do mainly with the literary character of Mrs. Stowe, we must not pass entirely over her personal appearance. She can lay claim to little beauty; yet there is something in her *tout ensemble*, as the French would have it, that impresses you. Her large, dark eye and finely-arched brow; the pensive, almost sad, expression of her countenance, at once tell you that she is a woman of no ordinary mental power. Not only does her presence indicate strength of character, force and determination of will, but also a consciousness of power. Indeed, she would not be a Beecher without this. She is said to be "in dress very plain and homely, but in manners gentle, and without a particle of false gentility." It is not often that we see a New England lady of the Puritan school ornamenting herself with the cross. Whether this is to be set down as one of the family idiosyncrasies, or a resolute determination on the part of Mrs. Stowe to contribute what she may toward the redemption of the ancient and best symbol of Christianity from the discredit into which it has fallen through its abuse by Papists, we will not pretend to say. Certainly its redemption is to be desired by the whole Christian world. But leaving her personal appearance, we must advance to more important points in her history.

It will be seen by our rapid sketch of Mrs. Stowe, that her home for nearly twenty years was in a suburban village near the great line separating between slave and free territory in our country. Here she had an opportunity to study the negro character. Here also she found means to study the system of slavery and its influence upon both master and slave. She extended this knowledge by several visits into the slave states. In this way she obtained that accurate knowledge of a variety of characters so skillfully delineated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Shelby, Tom Loker, St. Clare, Legree, and others, are daguerreotypes from real life. Her impressions, too, were deepened and her heart stirred by many a tale of wrong and sorrow recited by those who had

escaped from the land of bondage, often at the peril of life.

The pent-up feelings of her heart at length found an outlet. In 1850 that great "blunder" of the slave power, "the Fugitive-Slave law," was perpetrated. By this law the free states were converted into a broad hunting-ground of runaway slaves, and every freeman, under the severe pains and penalties of law, was required to hunt down the panting fugitive, who might be guilty of the crime of loving freedom and striving to obtain it. Then followed scenes which have stirred the conscience and the heart of the people from their depths. It was not an effervescent fanaticism, but the calmness of deep conviction. Moved by these dark events in our national history, Mrs. Stowe, it is said, poured out bitter tears day after day and night after night. At length the mode in which she could contribute her quota of influence to the great cause of humanity gradually dawned upon her mind. She resolved to write, and to embody what she knew of the crimes and the horrors of the slave system in a book; the world knows the result.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" took the public by storm. As to the *causes* of this success, critics have widely differed; but manifestly, in most instances, their ideas were shaped by the stand-point from which they viewed the *subject*. It could not be the author; for up to that time, as a writer, she was little known. It could not be the manner of publication; for that was most unfortunate, in a mere business point of view. Few persons, we apprehend, being about to publish a book, would be willing to have it sent out to the public first in detached parts through the medium of a weekly newspaper. Yet such was the origin of "Uncle Tom." Indeed, if we are correctly informed, the death of Uncle Tom was the first portion of the work written and published. The middle and beginning of the book were afterward added. The last number of the series was issued in the *National Era* in March, 1852. The last of April it was published in two 12mo. volumes; and early in May it was republished in London. By the close of 1852 more than one million copies had been sold in America and England; editions and copies almost without number had been published in France; and it had been translated and published in the German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Flemish, Polish, Magyar, Russian, and other languages. In the German language there were no less than twelve different translations. It was reviewed in all the journals in the land—receiving the most fierce and bitter denunciation and the highest possible eulogium.

It was dramatized in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe, as well as in nearly all of the large cities of the United States. And, above all, it was *read* as few books were read before. The high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young, novel-readers and the eschewers of novels, the stern Puritan and the scoffing infidel, the cool conservative and the excited radical, the most extreme ultraist of the north and the most rabid fire-eater of the south, alike yielded themselves spell-bound to an influence they could not resist. This certainly is a triumph not often achieved in the literary world.

A kind, motherly friend of ours, a staid matron of sixty, as she rolled up her knitting at the accustomed hour of nine o'clock in the evening, said to her daughter, "What is that book which so fascinates you, my dear? You are not going to begin the second volume to-night, are you?" "I think," replied the daughter, "I will read a chapter or two." The mother carelessly took up the first volume to see what it was that so fascinated the daughter. The hours of the night wore away, and just as the gray dawn began to appear, the daughter started from her seat, clapped the lids of her book together, and dropped it upon the table, with the exclamation, "There, I have finished Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the same moment the mother was passing through the last chapters of the first volume.

A work which has run such a course has passed beyond the reach of criticism. Indeed, little new, by the way either of criticism or of eulogy, can be said or written concerning it. Its structure, the coloring of some of its scenes, and, we would fain hope, some of its facts, might be open to interrogation; but its influence in stamping the dark system of slavery with moral detestation is beyond all question. Despite all the defects that may be found in the work, and the allegations that may be made against it, it is a work of uncommon power. Mrs. Stowe has uttered a voice for humanity and for God that will not soon die away. It will be read when the grass shall be green above its author's head. Not only shall it hasten the time of our country's redemption from that great evil deplored so deeply by the wise and good every-where, but, when the last manacle shall be stricken from the enslaved African, it will remain a noble monument of what a woman of intellect and of heart could accomplish for her race.

Mrs. Stowe's subsequent productions are a "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," and "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." They add little

to her literary reputation. The "Key" is "a mosaic of facts." It effectually demolishes the charge that "Uncle Tom" caricatured and misrepresented the practical workings of the system of slavery. In a word, it dug away the earth, and brought to light the huge, jagged, and unsightly foundation-stones on which the brilliant superstructure of "Uncle Tom" had been reared. The work did not admit of the exercise of genius or art; and it is to be regretted that the author was not sufficiently careful in the use of her data, especially with reference to the relation of the Churches to the system. In those representations she has done serious injustice especially to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The failure of "Dred; a Tale of the Dismal Swamp"—for it must be admitted to have been comparatively a failure—did not result from the author's lack of genius, nor yet of sympathy with her subject. There are flashings of genius in it, delineations of unsurpassed power, and also deeply religious aims. But in artistic structure, in the harmony of its parts, and in the finish of its details, there are glaring defects, which could have resulted only from inattention and unwarrantable haste on the part of a writer of so much power as Mrs. Stowe. Nay, we have a more serious objection to the work. Such are the lax and crude notions of the principles and experience of the religion of Christ, that we almost involuntarily wonder whether the writer, after her delineations of piety in the faith and life of Uncle Tom, could have been converted to Unitarianism. There is certainly a lack of a clear perception of the spiritual life and truth, if not, indeed, a lack of reverence for both.

We see we have ventured so far that we must locate our objections. This we will do in one or two cases. Take the hero of the story, "Dred." He appears in his character as a wild enthusiast, half maniac, half bard. We might pass over the incongruities in the character of this wild, untutored, and superstitious fugitive; but when he is constantly presented to us, quoting at length the sublimest passages of revelation, our good taste and religious feeling are alike offended. But when we find these passages wrested from their true meaning, to excite the oppressed population around him to insurrection and bloodshed, our offense is deepened into abhorrence.

Nor is this all. The radical evil of the book is that, in the delineation of the characters and persons introduced as examples of Scriptural piety, the great principles of Christian faith are entirely ignored. There is no recognition of our lost condition by nature; none of the atoning sacrifice;

none of the divine Redeemer as the "only name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved." There is sensibility, emotion, devotional feeling, appreciation of the beautiful; and this is just what the baptized infidelity of the present day is constantly prating about. But there is no deep consciousness of guilt, of spiritual need; no "repentance toward God," and no "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." When we hear "Nina" discoursing of her new religious state, we almost imagine that we are listening to Emerson in the pages of the Dial. "It seems to me," she writes to Clayton, "I never saw so much beauty in any thing before; and it seems as if it had wakened a new life in me. Every thing is changed; and it is the beauty of Christ that has changed it. You know I always loved beauty above all things, in music, in nature, and in flowers; but it seems to me that I see something in Jesus now more beautiful than all. It seems as if all things had been but shadows of beauty; but *he* is the substance. It is strange, but I have a sense of him, his living and presence, that almost overpowers me. It seems as if he had been following me always, but I had not seen him. He has been a good Shepherd, seeking the thoughtless lamb. He has all my life been calling me child; but till lately my heart has never answered, 'Father!' Is this religion? is this what people call conversion?"

To show that we have not misapprehended the design of the author, observe how she, with obvious intent, continues Nina's discourse. The minister wants to know "whether she had any just views of sin as an infinite evil," and such "talk only confuses her, and makes her more uncomfortable." The obvious design is to cast ridicule upon not merely the minister, but the doctrines he presented. Hear how flippantly this newly-fledged saint of a new school in divinity proceeds:

"Aunt Nesbit is troubled about me because I am so happy. She says she's afraid I have n't any sense of sin. Do n't you remember my telling you how happy I felt the first time I heard *real* music? I thought before that I could sing pretty well; but in one hour all *my* music became trash in my eyes. And yet I would not have missed it for the world. So it is now. That beautiful life of Jesus—so calm, so sweet, so pure, so unselfish, so perfectly *natural*, and yet so far beyond nature—has shown me what a poor, sinful, low creature I am; and yet I rejoice. I feel sometimes as I did when I first heard a full orchestra play some of Mozart's divine harmonies. I forgot that I was alive. I lost all thought of myself entirely; and I was perfectly happy. So

it is now. This loveliness and beauty that I see makes me happy without any thought of myself. There's another thing that is strange to me; and that is, that the Bible has grown so beautiful to me. It seems to me that it has been all my life like the transparent picture without any light behind it; and now it is all illuminated, and its words are full of meaning to me. I am light-hearted and happy; happier than I ever was. I feel that Jesus is every-where; and that there is no such thing as dying; it is only going out of one room into another."

There is something beautiful in all this; there is touching sensibility, delicate appreciation of the beautiful. But it is a sensibility touched and warmed by Mozart as well as by Jesus Christ. And yet such is the religion which the author of this work represents as effectual to support its possessor on the bed of death, and as rendering her safe for eternity,

"For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours."

But we have already transcended our limits. The "Sunny Memories" are two clever volumes, sketched from scenes witnessed in Mrs. Stowe's triumphal tour through Great Britain as the author of "Uncle Tom." There are some passages in them of rare beauty, and some descriptions of rare power. Its roots, however, draw the sap of life from that unfailing fountain, "Uncle Tom."

In a subsequent paper we propose to group a few pictures from the gallery, drawn by Mrs. Stowe, to show the skill and power of the artist.

ADVANTAGES OF POSITION.

So many advantages are associated with *position*, so captivating is the very idea of it, that every one is anxious to secure it, and it is commonly identified with the wealth we possess, or the establishment we maintain. But these are accidental advantages. The only *real* position is that which is derived from a sense of self-respect, independence of mind, and uprightness of character. These confer upon us a social rank, which remains secure when houses, lands, and treasures are gone; when the insects which fluttered around us have flown, and the adders which skulked in the path have slunk away, and we are left alone in the world, with no other support than that which we find in ourselves, and without which nothing extraneous can benefit or make us happy.

THE FLEETING—THE ENDURING.

BY LINA LINWOOD.

A SHINING bubble on a stream
The gentlest breath will break;
The golden treasure of a dream
Is fled when we awake;
A dew-drop in a floweret's eye
Flies on the wing of day;
A rainbow in a summer sky,
How soon 't is passed away!
The brightest honor—glory, too—
Is but a breath of air;
The heart that you may think most true
May harbor hatred there;
The golden crown that's won by strife
Is lost as soon as won;
And mortals' greatest treasure, *life*,
Is fled ere half begun.
But there's a stream whose bubbles float,
Nor dread the passing air;
And there's a dream, how'er so bright,
Will wake to life more fair;
And there's a land where dew-drops gleam
More brightly all the day,
And where the rainbow from the sky
Shall never pass away.
And there's a glory brighter far
Than is the sun at morn;
And there's a heart within whose depth
No hate was ever born;
And there's a crown of gold and gems,
Reserved for the forgiven;
And there's a life, a *glorious* life,
That knows no blight—in *heaven*!

NEARING HOME.

BY CAREY.

ONE sweetly-solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;
Feel thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I am nearer home—
Nearer now than I think.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ACCESS TO GOD—PRAYER.—“Men ought always to pray.”—*Luke xviii. 1.*

He whom we are commanded to hear in all things spake a parable to this end, that “men ought always to pray, and not to faint.” Prayer is a duty of universal obligation; and access to the Father is granted unto man, in order that he may have the privilege of *prayer*. All men are sinful, helpless, and dependent creatures on God’s bounty, mercy, and goodness; and hence arises the necessity of prayer. Prayer is the divinely-instituted method for supplying the obvious wants of humanity, and by prayer and supplication those wants are to be made known to God.

All men feel that they ought to pray. This is the case with those who neglect and denounce it. There are times when those who have derided it will pray. And even in those lands where the knowledge of the true God is lost, and he is unhonored and unadored, men pray; for they feel their weakness, misery, and danger. “There seems,” says Dr. Guthrie, “lodged in every breast, what I may call an instinct to pray, and an intuitive belief in the efficacy of prayer. Never yet did traveler find a nation upon earth but offered prayers in some form or other to some demon or god. Races of men have been found without raiment, without houses, without manufactures, without the rudiments of arts, but never without prayers; no more than without speech, human features, or human passions. Prayer is universal, and seems to be as natural to man as the instinct which prompts an infant to draw the milk of a mother’s bosom, and by its cries to claim a mother’s protection. Even so man is, as it were instinctively, moved to cast himself into the arms of God, to seek Divine help in times of danger, and in times of sorrow to weep on the bosom of a Father who is in heaven. Nature and necessity have wrung prayers even from an atheist’s lips.”

But if prayer, in a sense, be thus natural, man requires the light of revelation to instruct him in its object, its nature, and its end. Some men pray, but not to God; they worship they know not what, and ask of stocks, and stones, and demons, what it is only in the power of the Almighty to bestow upon them. They have indeed the instincts of nature urging them to seek supernatural aid and relief; but they need the light of the Spirit to teach them to whom to apply for deliverance from their sorrow and peril. And though their cry be loud and long, yet their Baals hear them not, and they are left unheeded and unhelped. They know not him who is the God of all consolation and comfort; nor Him by whom we have access to the Father. Neither do they know what they should pray for as they ought; hence they ask not for grace to pardon and renew them, but for power to deliver them from some apparent danger, or

apprehended and dreaded calamity. Therefore, though such people pray, it is not the prayer which Heaven has appointed, and which Heaven will hear.

We apprehend there is much that passes for prayer which has nothing of its spirit and power. Many, alas! there are who have not, because they *ask not*. The blessings of God are restrained toward them, because they restrain prayer before God. In their unbelief they practically ask, “What profit should we have if we pray unto him?” They may in all this go against their moral instincts, the teaching of conscience, and the Bible; but there they are, as prayerless as they are godless, and as restless and unhappy as such people always are. And how humiliating is the thought that this has been, more or less, the character of us all! Whatever change the grace of God may have now wrought in us, the time was when we called not on the name of the Lord, and received not daily of Heaven’s rich and saving mercy, because we asked not. We were prayerless!

And there are others who have not, because they *ask amiss*. They are not silent; they pray, and pray not to idols, but pray to God, and yet have not, because they do not pray aright. There is something in their prayer which ought to have no place in it, and which mars it; and there is wanting that which is essential to its success. It is wrong, if not in object, yet in spirit or end. It is cold and careless, or unbelieving and impatient; and, therefore, it is unheard and unanswered.

What, then, is prayer? “It is the offering up of our desires to God for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.” God, then, is the true object of prayer; things according to his will the limit of those desires which are to be offered to him; Christ Jesus, the medium of approach; and his name our authority and plea, while the spirit of the suppliant must be one humble of penitence and gratitude. “Prayer,” says Hannah More, “is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it; the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not figures of speech, but companion of soul. It is the ‘Lord, save us, we perish,’ of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.”

But the nature and power of prayer are not to be learned from definitions, however just and accurate; nor from forms, however spiritual and evangelical. We may define prayer, and exhort to prayer, but the Lord only can teach men how to pray. The true spirit of prayer is a Divine gift. The Holy Ghost alone can lead us into truth respecting prayer. He must give the light, and breathe the life of it into our souls. He must help our

infirmities. Then, and then only, do we really pray. It is the heart which prays; and when the spirit of prayer is in it, it desires, groans, pleads, and wrestles till it prevails. While the soul is mourning, weeping, and agonizing on earth, its prayer has entered heaven, and reached the ear of God. "So soon, indeed, as the heart begins to work on earth, it moves the hand of God in heaven; and ere the prayer has left the lips of faith, Jesus has presented it unto the Father, and secured its answer." We have an Advocate with the Father, and have boldness and access with confidence into the holiest of all, through faith in him. And He who heareth the Son always, hears always those also who come unto God through him. "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will do it for you." All this is seen and felt by the man who prays with the spirit and the understanding. By the Spirit's powerful aid, he lifts up his soul to God, enters the Divine presence, pleads the promises of eternal truth and love, and rests his faith and hope on the atonement and intercession of his Savior. And he does all this by the help of the pleading Spirit, who is the source, to every praying heart, of the grace of supplication.

If such be prayer, not only is it right that we should teach our children to ask, "I say my prayers, but do I pray?"—the question is as applicable and important to ourselves. Prayers may be said, and yet there be no prayer. A form may be used, the import of which has never been thoroughly understood and felt; or we may coldly repeat petitions of our own, into which there enters no desire and no faith. Yet by this kind of dead, formal, and, to some extent, hypocritical service, many seek to satisfy their conscience, and delude themselves into the belief that they are caring for their souls. But they have yet to learn to pray; and among their sins to be confessed and forgiven is this—their insincerity in prayer. There is nothing in heartless, soulless devotion to please God; and, however often performed, it brings no honor to the Lord, nor saving grace to man. Men, in this sense, may pray, and yet be prayerless, and finally stand with those on whom the fury of the Lord shall be poured out because they called not on his name. Some are, in this lifeless, formal manner, praying half their lifetime, and at length mercifully wake up to the discovery that they have never prayed; while others continue, to the end of life, deceivers of their own souls. How important the question, "Do I pray—really, truly, successfully pray? Or have I yet to learn to pray, and offer, for the first time, with true sincerity of woe, the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner?'" If so, let there be no delay; but at once go to the mercy-seat, and confess, and pray.

And there is reason why we should all confess our sins, and pray for pardon; for have we not often detected ourselves, in this sacred service, putting the form for the power? We may happily have prayed with the spirit, and too often unhappily without the spirit; and hence the leanness of our souls. We have starved them into spiritual feebleness, having denied them the spiritual nourishment which they require. Let us awake up to our high and holy privilege; and if, in the spirit of earnest and believing prayer, we come to the throne of grace, God, even our own God, shall bless us. He waits to be gracious, and from the throne of grace he sends forth the invitation of his love. Let us then ask, and receive, and our joy shall be full.

PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK.—"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*Philippians iii, 14.*

The most remarkable parts of the stadium were its entrance, middle, and extremity. The entrance was marked at first only by a line drawn on the sand, from side to side of the stadium. To prevent any unfair advantage being taken by the more vigilant or alert candidates, a cord was at length stretched in front of the horses or men that were to run; and sometimes the space was nailed in with wood. The opening of this barrier was the signal for the racers to start. The middle of the stadium was remarkable only by the circumstance of having the prizes allotted to the victors set up there. From this custom Chrysostom draws a fine comparison: "As the judges, in the races and other games, expose in the midst of the stadium, to the view of the champions, the crowns which they were to receive; in like manner the Lord, by the mouth of his prophets, has placed the prizes in the midst of the course, which he designs for those who have the courage to contend for them."

At the extremity of the stadium was a goal, where the foot-races ended; but in those of chariots and horses they were to run several times round it without stopping, and afterward conclude the race by regaining the other extremity of the lists from whence they started. It is, therefore, to the foot-race the apostle alludes, when he speaks of the race set before the Christian, which was a straight course, to be run only once, and not, as in the other, several times without stopping.

According to some writers, it was at the goal, and not in the middle of the course, that the prizes were exhibited; and they were placed in a very conspicuous situation, that the competitors might be animated by having them always in their sight. This accords with the view which the apostle gives of the Christian life: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." L'Enfant thinks the apostle here compares our Lord to those who stood at the elevated place at the end of the course, calling the racers by their names, and encouraging them by holding out the crown, to exert themselves with vigor. Reader, have you begun to run this race?

THANKFULNESS, IF NOT NOURISHMENT.—"If he offer it for thanksgiving."—*Leviticus xi, 12.*

Mr. Romaine being in company with Mr. Hervey, who was unwell, at breakfast-time, observed him to retire to another part of the room, taking with him a small basin of milk; and overheard him praying over it thus: "Lord, if I obtain no nourishment from this food which thou hast given me, at least let me get thankfulness from it."

GOOD WORDS.—"If thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, then they will be thy servants forever."—*1 Kings xii, 7.*

Some courtiers observed to the Emperor Sigismond, that, instead of destroying his conquered foes, he admitted them to favor. "Do I not," replied the monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies, when I make them my friends?"

Notes and Queries.

FINEST SENTENCE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The following sentence, the conclusion of the Fourth Book of Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy, is pronounced by Doctor Parr, and by Celeridge, the grandest prose passage in English literature:

"Had Jesus Christ delivered no other declaration than the following—*The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation*—he had pronounced^a a message of inestimable importance, and well worthy of that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles with which his mission was introduced and attested: a message in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts and rest to their inquiries. It is idle to say that a future state had been discovered already; it had been discovered as the Copernican system was—it was one guess among many. He alone discovers who proves; and no man can prove this point, but the teacher who testifies by miracles that his doctrine comes from God."

*

UTOPIA.—This is a word derived from the Greek, and signifies "no place." Sir Thomas More first used it to designate his model state, and located it among the Atlantic isles. From this fiction the word utopian is used to denote theoretical or imaginary schemes and places. The Republic of Plato was in like manner situated in the happy regions of the west.

EMPHASIS OF THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.—Doctor Johnson, who was ever depreciating stage-players, censured some mistakes in emphasis which Garrick had committed in acting. The latter attempted to defend himself, upon which Johnson said, "Well, now, I'll give you something to speak with which you are little acquainted: that shall be the criterion. Let me hear you repeat the ninth commandment—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'" Garrick tried at it and mistook the emphasis, which should be upon *not* and *false witness*. Johnson put him right and enjoyed his victory with great glee.—**DR. TAYLOR.** The emphasis should be equally upon *shalt* and *not*, as both concur to form the negative injunction; and *false witness*, like the other acts prohibited in the decalogue, should not be marked by any peculiar emphasis, but only be distinctly enunciated.—**BOSWELL.** A moderate emphasis should be placed upon *false*.—**KEARNEY.** Sheridan, in his Lectures on the Art of Reading, places the emphasis wholly on *false*.—**MARKLAND.** Here, on these six words, *thou shalt not bear false witness*, we have almost as many authorities, with each a different emphasis. This diversity seems to arise from the fact, that in these awful and comprehensive commands of God himself, there is no room for any peculiar emphasis: in *steal not*—*murder not*—*bear not false witness*—all the words are of equal value toward expressing the Divine command.—**CROKER.**

None of the above critics seem to me to have quite caught the true rhythm of the sentence. The emphasis is not so much a question of *taste* as of *logic*—what is

commanded?—and it can be argued to instead of being made a matter for random *assertions*. Can any of your readers give us a principle which shall determine the emphasis, not of this commandment only, but of the others? One often hears them quite murdered, where of all places they ought to be worthily entreated—in the pulpit.

M. E. S.

EL DORADO.—When the accounts of the vast treasures of gold and silver in Mexico, Peru, and Central America were carried home by the Spanish conquerors in the sixteenth century, their vague reports gave rise to a suspicion that a sovereignty teeming with precious metals existed somewhere in South America, and expeditions were fitted out to search for it. It was supposed to lie between the Oronoco and Amazon rivers; and this unknown country was termed *El Dorado*, a term signifying literally, "The Golden." It was this glittering fable that lured Sir Walter Raleigh to his ruin.

WHY IS MONEY CALLED STERLING?—In the time of Richard I, money coined in the east part of Germany came into special request in England on account of its purity. As the Saxons who inhabited that district of Germany, now occupied by the Hanse towns, were the earliest traders in the northern waters, so the money which they used was called from their appellation, Esterling or Sterling. Soon after commercial relations were established between them and the English people, some of these Esterlings, skilled in coining, were sent for to London to bring the coin to perfection, which henceforth was known by their national name.

W.

PINCHBECK METAL.—This metal, or, rather, combination of metals, was invented about the time of our Revolutionary war, by three brothers named Pinchbeck, who resided in London. To attract public attention they pretended to quarrel and advertised against each other, all claiming the invention, and each boasting of the superiority of his own metal. They were, however, on the best terms, and used to meet in the evening to divide the profits of the day. As an imitation of the more precious metal, it is inferior to the newly-invented oreide, which does not tarnish so easily, and better resists the usual tests.

S. W. W.

HALCYON DAYS.—In the southern countries of Europe, a few days preceding and following the winter solstice are usually accompanied with fair weather. It is during this time that the halcyon, or king-fisher, is said to brood. According to the ancient fable the bird constructed a floating cradle, in which it reared its young; and because it was supposed to take advantage of the tranquil sea, those were named *halcyon* days, during which the weather was mild, the skies clear, and the winds still. The word is now used to describe any period of prosperity or enjoyment. *

L. S. S.

OF MARRIAGE AS A SACRAMENT.—Among Protestants marriage has ceased to be regarded as a sacrament, though its solemnization is generally accompanied with some religious observances. Wherefore in the book of Common Prayer, as revised by the Protestant Episcopal Church in

this country, all expressions which imply that it is a sacrament are left out of the Ritual. In the Methodist Discipline several are still retained, though no longer conveying to our minds the idea of its being a sacrament. I allude particularly to the words—"which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, *signifying unto us the mystical union which is between Christ and his Church.*" In the Papal Church marriage certainly is regarded as a sacrament, and held to typify the union of Christ with his people. This dogma is entirely of human invention, notwithstanding the Scriptures speak of Christ as the bridegroom and his Church as the bride. But as Protestants acknowledge marriage to be merely a civil contract, I question the propriety of retaining the above words which I have italicized in our form of solemnizing matrimony. W.

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.—A little keen criticism will sometimes do no harm. It has a powerful tendency to "sharpen the wit." We were pleased with the spirit and keenness of Zeta's criticisms. But a correspondent finds the critic vulnerable. It is a professor versus a doctor of divinity. "The professor" says:

"There are critics and there are hypercritics. At the imminent risk of being classed among the latter, I am about to point out some motes and beams in 'Zeta's' eyes. There is no denying that 'our literati are getting culpably careless in the use of language,' but it behoves him who takes up the critic's pen to handle it carefully lest it bespatter his own face.

"It is debatable whether the word 'part' in 'Zeta's' first criticism is not a collective noun conveying the idea of plurality. *A beam.*

"Certain it is, that in the very next sentence 'Zeta' uses the superlative 'last' in comparing two objects, which is a flagrant violation of the rules of grammar. *A beam.*

"In the next paragraph is a sentence so badly punctuated that we did not get the meaning till the third reading. The sentence stands thus: 'Nor is a "disjunctive," and makes, each of the substantives which it connects *separately nominative to the verb.*' *A mote.* [The compositor will have to bear the responsibility of this "mote."—EDITOR.]

"In his next paragraph 'Zeta' uses the very doubtful expression, 'grammatical error,' and in the fifth we find the equally suspicious 'grammatical inaccuracy.' We might as well call that which is unphilosophical a philosophical error, or that which is irreligious a religious sin. Grammatical, philosophical, religious, etc., are of a class of words having a positive, affirmative meaning of excellence, which precludes their use in any other than a good sense. *A mote.*

"This is not all, but it suffices, though we leave unnoticed still another beam and another mote. Surely 'our literati are getting culpably careless in the use of language.'

THE PROFESSOR."

LITERATI.—The word, which now confers honor, had at one time a very different signification. Among the Romans it was usual to affix some branding or ignominious letter on the criminal, when the crime was infamous in its nature; and persons so branded were called *inscripti*, or *stigmatici*, or by a more equivocal term, *literati*. The same expression is likewise adopted in stat. 4 Henry VIII, which recites "that diverse persons *lettered* had been more bold to commit mischievous deeds," etc.

ANONYMOUS STANZAS ON WIT.—The following stanzas are said to have appeared in the *Grub-Street Journal* in 1731. Their authorship does not appear. They are worthy of Pope:

"True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one—
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds."

DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—The Esperance of Athens states, that near the village of Arnontli, not far from Pharsalia, a tomb has been discovered which has been ascertained to be that of Hippocrates, the great physician, an inscription clearly enunciating the fact. In the tomb a gold ring was found, representing a serpent—the symbol of the medical art in antiquity—as well as a small gold chain attached to a thin piece of gold, having the appearance of a band for the head. There was also lying with these articles a bronze bust, supposed to be that of Hippocrates himself. These objects, as well as the stone which bears the inscription, were delivered up to Housin Pasha, Governor of Thessaly, who at once forwarded them to Constantinople.

GRAMMATICAL EXERCISES—FOR CORRECTION.—"The sun was declining in the west, and heavy thunder-clouds rolled up in the distance *beyond*, far above the mountain tops. On this sight I stood, and gazed, and mused, till the scene was *intercepted*, and faded away in the dimness of twilight."

"Cesarea was the Roman capital of Palestine, for the simple reason that the Roman governors had no *relish* for the terribly rocky mountainous road which led to the Jewish metropolis."

"The Spirit often grieved, heard the prayer, and left the *conscious-stricken* soul perhaps forever."

"Having a strong desire to see the *Catholic* service performed in *all* its grandeur, we attended at the Notre Dame and the Madeline on the first Sabbath, and Dr. Kirk's on the second Sabbath."

"No lake, no sea on earth has such a history, or, could its secrets be unfolded, *tell* such wonders."

"The smallest bird *nor* creeping insect could not find a blade of grass for food here."

"We obtained some asphaltic stones, of a black color, and which emit, under heat, the smell of sulphur."

DESCENDANTS OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.—In Southey's *Omniana* is the following:

"It was believed in Pier della Valle's time that the descendants of Judas still existed at Corfu, though the persons who suffered this imputation stoutly denied the truth of the genealogy."

QUERIES.—*Tom and Jack.*—Can any of your readers tell us who these distinguished personages were whose names are celebrated in the following compounds? Tom-boy, Tom-eat, Tom-cod, Tom-fool, Tom-rig, Tom-tit, etc. Jack-ass, Jack-daw, Jack-plane, Jack-knife, Jack-straw, Jack-a-lantern, etc.

Can some of the Ladies' Repository correspondents give me the birthplace and etymology of the word "infair?"

THE PROFESSOR.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE REPUDIATED.—It is generally known to our readers that the Rev. Wm. A. Smith, "the old war-horse of slavery," has, for several years, been at the head of Randolph Macon College. We observe that the North Carolina conference, at its late session, formally repudiated the College by a vote of 54 to 24. We gather from the report of the speeches made on the occasion, that "the opposition of the conference was not to the College, but to its President." The strong vote of the conference is somewhat surprising.

GENESEE COLLEGE.—At a meeting of the Trustees of this institution, held January 13th, the Rev. J. M. Reid, of the New York East conference, was elected President. The uniform success of brother Reid in a ministry of some years as well as his fine talents, give assurance of success in this new position. At the same time Professor Bragdon, who has already acquired the reputation of being one of the best educators of the age, was elected to the professorship of Greek Language and Literature. At the time of writing this we have not been informed of the acceptance of either of these gentlemen. Should they accept they would bring much strength to the already able faculty of the College.

M'KENDREE COLLEGE.—Professor Cobleigh, of the Lawrence University, has been called to the presidency of this institution. Professor Cobleigh occupied one of the chairs in it some three or four years, and then accepted a chair in the Lawrence University. The Trustees now express their appreciation of him by calling him back to the presidency.

Professor Mudge, who has charge of the Biblical department, is the author of that capital work, issued not long since by our Book Concern, "Lady Huntington Portrayed."

DEATH OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.—The announcement of the death of this hero of the war in India has sent a thrill of sorrow to the heart of Christendom. He was as truly a Christian as he was a martial hero. He died of dysentery on the 25th of November, 1857, at Cawnpore. He was born in 1795, and has been identified with the British army in India since 1823. He distinguished himself in the first Burmese war—being present at the actions at Napadee, Patanagoh, and Paghan. At the close of the war he was associated with Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox on a mission to the Court of Ava, and had an audience with the "Golden Foot," when the treaty of Yandaboo was signed. In 1827 he published the "History of the Ava Campaign." This same year he was married to the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, the learned and accomplished Biblical scholar, by whom he has left a family of three surviving daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, Henry Marshman Havelock, was born in 1830. He is a captain in the British army, and has been lately serving in India as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant General, under his father, whose honored name he bears.

The London Advertiser says that Lady Havelock and her daughters are now residing at Bohn, on the Rhine. They repaired thither some weeks ago, and meant to re-

main some time in Germany. It is a curious circumstance that about six or seven weeks ago Lady Havelock, who, up to that time, cherished the firm conviction that her husband would not only come triumphantly through the campaign, but that she and her daughters should soon meet him in England, then became the victim of a powerful presentiment, of which she was unable to rid herself, that she should hear of his death before many weeks had elapsed.

In 1838 he was in the staff of Sir W. Cotton, in the invasion of Afghanistan, and was present at the storming of Shuznee, and the occupation of Cabul. He subsequently published a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign."

When the eastern Ghilzies, having risen, blockaded Cabul, Havelock was sent to join Sir Robert Sale, then marching back to India, and was present at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, at the action of Tezeen, and all the other engagements of that force till it reached Jellalabad. In the final attacks on Mohammed Akbar, in April, 1842, which obliged that chief to raise the siege, Havelock commanded the right column, and defeated him before the other columns could come up. For this he was promoted to a brevet majority, and was made Companion of the Bath. He was then nominated Persian interpreter to General Pollock, and was present at the action of Mamoo Keil, and the second engagement at Tezeen. He then proceeded with Sir John M'Caskill's force into the Kohistan, and had an important share in the brilliant affair at Istaliff.

At the close of 1843 he accompanied the army to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore. In 1844 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel by brevet. In 1845 he proceeded with the army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferocehah, and Sobraon. At Moodkee he had two horses shot under him; at Sobraon a third horse was smitten down by a cannon-ball, which passed through his saddle-cloth.

We have not room to detail his exploits in the recent revolt in India. He has made for himself a name that will not soon die. The London Record truly says of him: "It was not the boast of this brilliant officer that he had won renown as a soldier which will place his name beside those of Wolfe and of Abercrombie, of Moore and of Napier. He looked for a higher reward than those which are bestowed by earthly sovereigns. The objects of his ambition were not the glittering of baubles, of stars and ribbons. It was rather his study to lay his brightest laurels and proudest trophies at the foot of the cross of Christ, to give all the glory to the almighty Potentate whose he was and whom he served—to him who girded him for his great enterprise, and with whom there was laid up a crown, one ray of which must pale the luster of all worldly coronets. From an early period of his distinguished career he avowed himself on the Lord's side. He was 'not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' even when it was branded as Methodism, for it was his constant aim so to conduct himself as to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. 'Havelock's saints' were as proverbial

for their courage and good conduct as Cromwell's Iron-sides. He was a commander who lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and for whom and with whom they were prepared to dare every danger and encounter every toil.

"His story will be recorded in the proudest pages of England's history, and his example will nerve the arms of warriors yet unborn. His fame survives as a rich legacy to his country, and it is for that country to consult its own honor among the nations by taking care of his family. His monument will be found in the love of his soldiers, in the gratitude of the women rescued at Lucknow, and in the reverence which will embalm his memory in the affections of all his countrymen."

MARSHAL RADETZKY.—This celebrated Austrian general, the hero of a hundred battles, is now numbered with the dead. He commenced his military career in 1781, then a lad of fifteen years. At the age of twenty-seven he met Napoleon on the field of battle. From that time forward he was, with few intermissions, in active service till the battle of Leipzig, in 1813, which sealed the fate of Napoleon. On that occasion Radetzky commanded the Austrian cavalry and was wounded. Radetzky was ever the consistent and uniform supporter of despotism. His last military act was putting down the insurrection at Milan in 1853. This was done with a hand of iron. In his ninetieth year Radetzky still maintained a clear intellect. At the visit of the Emperor last year—1857—to Milan, Radetzky, no longer able to mount his horse, tendered his resignation to his imperial master, on the plea of failing health.

In stature Radetzky was below the middle height, with broad shoulders and a clear, piercing eye; he possessed that peculiar attraction attributed to Frederick the Great and to Napoleon. Among a hundred officers, though simply dressed in a gray surtout, Radetzky would command the attention of all. He died in the ninety-second year of his age. His deeds may have been as heroic as those of Havelock, but he can never fill so bright a page in history. The one was the hero of despotism; the other of civilization, humanity, and religion.

REDSCHID PASHA, the great Turkish diplomatist and reformer, has also finished his earthly career, going down in the strength of his manhood and from the midst of his activities. He was eminently a man for his times; and it is believed that he above all others has aided in saving his native country from what seemed at the time of his birth—1802—to be its inevitable destiny—decay and dissolution. Under his auspices the elements of a new life, in the form of western civilization, have been infused into the failing constitution of the country, for though his career has been somewhat checkered with reverses, yet on the whole he was eminently successful. The Turkey of the future will embalm his memory as that of the redeemer of his country. The London Times closes a notice of his death with these significant sentences :

"Redschid Pasha was only the type of the new generation of Turkish politicians. His colleagues have come to share his opinions on most subjects, and his death will assuredly occasion little change in the policy of the Porte. But Turkey has lost an able administrator—one who was the means of retrieving her finances and extending her commerce, and whose high position made it easy for the cabinet to deal with the rival pretensions of foreign powers. Though there are many men full worthy to fill his

place, we fear that for a time the Sultan's councils will sadly miss their weightiest and wisest member."

MADAME RACHEL, the famous *tragedienne*, is the fourth of this sad list of the dead. Born in Switzerland in 1820, the gipsy daughter of a wandering Jew, she was endowed—we do not say *blessed*—with great musical talents, both of ear and voice. Her career as an actress was remarkably successful; for she amassed a fortune, gained a world-wide reputation, and sacrificed her virtue. She was never married, but leaves two sons—one of noble paternity, and the other of plebeian descent; to the latter she leaves her fortune of two million francs—the other being already sufficiently provided for by his father. Such are the morals of the stage.

The public history of Rachel is already known. Her private life is comparatively unwritten. Scandal was busy with her name. Her disposition was mercenary. She was not peculiarly amiable. But the faults of her character were eclipsed by the splendor of her dramatic genius; and it is this which will give her a lasting place in the record of great names.

A foreign journal thus refers to her last illness: "In the early stages of her final illness her fondness for gold and jewelry did not desert her. She frequently had her jewels and rich garments brought to her bed, and beguiled the weary hours in looking them over; and on one occasion, after taking one long, lingering look at them, she exclaimed, with a sigh of heart-felt distress, 'Il faut donc quitter tout!'—'Must I then abandon all!'—her death struggle was long and severe, and her last hours are described as agonizing."

THE FATE OF AMERICAN DISCOVERERS.—The great misfortunes or violent deaths of the discoverers of America have often been noted. Columbus was made the subject of persecution and imprisonment, and died at last broken-hearted. Sebastian Cabot, who first discovered this part of the American continent, ended his days in obscurity, and no one can tell where he is buried. Verrazzani, who next visited this country, under the patronage of the French government, and gave the earliest account now extant of our coast, was lost at sea. Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida, was mortally wounded by the Indians. Fernandez, the first European visitant of Yucatan, was also killed by the natives. De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi river, died from hardship and exposure in a vain search for gold, and was buried beneath the "Father of Waters." Vasco Nunez was beheaded; Cortez was disgraced; Narvaez perished in a storm near the mouth of the Mississippi; Las Casas had to seek refuge in a monk's cowl; Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush; Pizarro was murdered; Almagro was garroted; Bobadilla and Roldan were drowned. Such are some of the more conspicuous examples. Yet we can scarcely wonder at these results when we consider the perils of adventure in that age, and especially the insatiable thirst for gold or for conquest which almost uprooted every other sentiment or sympathy from the hearts of the adventurers.

ANOTHER DISENTOMBED CITY.—Wurka—Erech of Genesis x, 10—has been visited and described by Mr. Loftus, in his *Travels in Chaldea*. It stands on the eastern side of the Euphrates, on a tract slightly elevated above the marshes surrounding it on all sides. The principal remains are those of a structure inclosed by a wall five miles and a half in circumference, and in many places

forty feet above the level on which the city stands. It has been ascertained, by inscriptions on bricks, that the city was dedicated to the moon, by a king named Uruk, about twenty-three centuries B. C., and twelve hundred years before Nineveh was built. There is also reason to believe that its foundation was due to an anti-Semitic or Hamite population, the history of which is now being clearly revealed as monuments are investigated. There are two great piles, one being a tower two hundred feet square, with buttresses, made of bricks dried in the sun; the other is within an inclosure of seven acres and a half, the longer side being six hundred and fifty feet. The structure itself is somewhat less than eighty feet high, standing on a mound about fifty feet in altitude. It is unlike any other hitherto examined. The facade is one hundred and seventy-four feet in length, with groups of half columns in sevens, which are repeated seven times, having the appearance of palm logs. The facade has been covered with lime plaster from two to four inches thick. It contains great halls, without doors or windows; the roofs appear to have been vaulted. It promises to be a mine of antiquities. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is to be found such a collection of human bones. It appears to have been a burial-place for twenty-five centuries.

POPULATION OF CHINA, ETC.—The following statistics, relating to the internal condition of China proper, are taken from the statistical chart of a new work, by Mr. R. Montgomery Martin, late her British Majesty's treasurer for the colonial, consular, and diplomatic services in China, and member of the Legislative Council at Hong Kong, entitled, "China, Political, Commercial, and Social." In China proper it appears there are 367,632,907 inhabitants, and in the dependencies of Manchuria, Mongolia, Turkistan, Thibet, etc., about 40,000,000, making a total of 400,000,000 of people under one government. The population on each square mile is 283, and the area in square miles is 1,297,999. The quantity of land is estimated at 830,829,100 English acres, of which 141,119,347 are under cultivation. The land tax realizes 27,854,023 taels of silver; the salt revenue, 4,618,834 taels; and other duties, 991,092 taels. The total fixed revenue of the provinces is 35,016,023 taels, of which sum 22,445,573 taels and 3,428,955 shih of rice—a shih being about 160 lbs. avoirdupois—are transmitted to the imperial treasury, while 5,569,329 taels remain in the provinces. The standing army and militia number 1,232,000 men. The table from which the above statistics are taken is prepared from various authorities, the greater portion having been furnished in China, and translated from the official records. With respect to the density of the population, Dr. Gutzlaff, and other Chinese scholars, consider the census to be correct. The population is most dense along the banks of the great rivers, particularly near the great Yangtze-kang, and the central districts of the country, where the waters furnish large supplies of food. The natural productions of the various provinces include every description of metal, as well as almost every known article of merchandise.

PROVISION FOR SUPERANNUATED PREACHERS.—By the last General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we see that in the provision for the superannuates, widows, and orphans, there is a wide diversity; only a few of the conferences come any where near meeting the claims upon them. We give the schedule, leaving our readers to

gather the lessons to be learned from it. We group the conferences according to the ratio in which they pay. The New York East conference pays \$4,674 on a claim of \$4,321; the Philadelphia, \$6,769 on \$6,800; New York, \$5,568 on \$6,034; New Jersey, \$5,240 on \$6,812; Indiana, \$811 on \$1,277; Providence, \$2,064 on \$4,539; New England, \$2,288 on \$6,226; Baltimore, \$7,229 on \$17,000; Southern Illinois, \$1,030 on \$2,567; Ohio, \$993 on \$2,437; Genesee, \$1,435 on \$4,158; Delaware, \$500 on \$1,678; Black River, \$1,562 on \$5,210; East Genesee, \$1,417 on \$6,040; Oneida, \$1,733 on \$6,115; Troy, \$1,601 on \$6,545; Rock River, \$988 on \$3,316; Illinois, \$1,623 on \$5,639; South-Eastern Indiana, \$850 on \$3,371; Pittsburg, \$1,711 on \$7,382; New Hampshire, \$566 on \$2,660; Peoria, \$616 on \$3,347; North Ohio, \$714 on \$4,008; North Indiana, \$528 on \$3,124; North-Western Indiana, \$724 on \$4,182; Maine, \$867 on \$6,366; Cincinnati, \$808 on \$6,370; Detroit, \$635 on \$7,921; Wisconsin, \$333 on \$5,314; Wyoming, \$549 on \$6,301; Vermont, \$177 on \$3,547; Iowa, \$175 on \$4,069; Western Virginia, \$160 on \$4,822; East Maine, \$41 on \$7,034; Missouri, \$50 on \$7,685; Minnesota, \$136 on \$3,278; Upper Iowa, \$227 on \$5,858; Oregon, \$153 on \$4,660; California, \$40 on \$8,622; and Kentucky, \$21 on \$677. The returns from Arkansas, Erie, West Wisconsin, and Michigan, are incomplete. The above shows a deficiency of nearly seventy-five per cent. on these sacred claims, or an aggregate deficiency of \$151,331. Some of the conferences wisely discriminate in parceling out the funds collected, so as to apply them only to the most necessitous among our superannuated men and the widows of such as have died in the work.

SPIDERS' THREAD.—Austrian papers state that a merchant of Vienna has lately presented to the Industrial Union of that capital the details of a series of experiments made by him to manufacture spiders' thread into woven tissues. The thread is wound on a reel, and two dozen spiders produce in six minutes a beautiful and delicate thread, two thousand feet in length. The stuffs manufactured are spoken of as being far superior to those of silk in beauty and delicacy of fabric.

INTERESTING GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.—From the Russian storeship "Dwina," which arrived in San Francisco on the 2d of January, some important information has been obtained. The "Dwina" was one of those vessels which so mysteriously escaped from the allied fleet in the Gulf of Tartary. Up to that time it was supposed that there was no outlet from the Gulf of Saghalien. Indeed, Saghalien is described upon all maps and charts as a peninsula. The escape of the "Dwina" from the English fleet could not be explained except upon the hypothesis that the gulfs named were connected by a narrow channel, known only to the Russians. The fact is now established that such a channel exists, and that through it the "Dwina" escaped. It is extremely difficult to navigate, running, as it does, through the sand deposited at the mouth of the Amoor. The question, however, is definitively settled, and maps hereafter should represent Saghalien as an island instead of a peninsula.

SUPPORT OF MINISTERS IN VIRGINIA.—An exchange paper says that there are not ten ministers in the Synod of Virginia that are supported by their Churches! Most of these ministers are poor men. Some of them do not get as much from their Churches in a year as a tobacco manufacturer pays for the best hands in his factory.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Louanda on the West Coast, etc. By David Livingstone, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. 730 pp. Illustrated with Wood Engravings and Maps. For sale by Derby & Co., Cincinnati.—Since our announcement of this magnificent work last month, we have read it through. It is not only a profoundly-interesting work as a book of travels, but it opens up to the civilized world a knowledge of the topography and natural resources of interior Africa, and also of the character and habits of the natives, which will, in all coming time, tell upon the civilization and Christianization of that portion of the globe. We had intended an outline of the work, but this we found impracticable. Every chapter and every page glows with so much interest that abridgment and synopsis, to any good purpose, are impossible. Our readers should get the work and read it for themselves. It has the elements of a true and permanent popularity. There is a rare simplicity of purpose and honesty of statement apparent on every page; and while the work is less elaborately learned and scientific than that of Dr. Barth, its narrative is more vigorous, and the interest is better sustained. The Harpers deserve the thanks of all readers for the promptness and enterprise with which they have reproduced these two great works on Africa.

The original intention of this excellent man was, to embark for China as a missionary physician; but he was prevented from accomplishing this object by the breaking out of the opium war. He was then induced to direct his thoughts to Africa, and landed at Cape Town in 1840. He subsequently married a daughter of Dr. Moffatt, the celebrated missionary in south Africa. As a missionary he was eminently successful. His broad and practical views, and the purity of his life and aims, commanded him even to savage heathen. But his great work was in exploration. Being deeply penetrated with the conviction that if Africa was to be redeemed, the resources of the country must be developed, and a commerce, other than in slaves, must be opened up with the civilized world, he set himself about the work in the only way in his power. In 1852, having previously sent his family home, he plunged almost alone into the unexplored regions of central Africa. Attended by natives only, but natives in whom he had inspired the hope of trade with the English on the coast, he journeyed northward and westward till he reached the western coast at St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola. After recruiting himself and his men, he returned by the same route—tracing the course of the Zambesi, the great river of southern and central Africa, many hundred miles, and finally reached Killimane at its mouth on the eastern coast. Dr. Livingstone strongly urges the importance of accompanying missionary labor with efforts to incite the industrial enterprise of the native tribes. Of these he speaks generally in terms of much respect, many of them indicating a more than usual capacity among uncivilized people.

His narrative—although his long disuse of the pen made the labor of preparing the work so exceedingly irksome, that he naively declares that he had rather cross Africa again than attempt to write another book—is exceedingly interesting, and charms the reader along from page to page till he is loth to close the volume in which he has become the sympathizing companion of the traveler. The contributions made by Dr. Livingstone to the cause of natural history and his scientific observations are not the least interesting and valuable part of his work, while his descriptions of his progress through scenes novel and striking, attended oftentimes with amusing or surprising incident, possess a romantic attraction. For ourselves, we became more deeply absorbed in his adventures, and identified with his experiences, than with those of Dr. Barth, while his missionary aims impart a more than merely scientific interest to the successive steps of his enterprise.

The volume opens with a brief biographical sketch of the author—which, against his own wish, he was urged by his friends, wisely we think, to insert—so that from the outset we have before us in full view the outline of the character and life of one whose personal qualities add so much to the rest with which we follow the course of his adventures. The work is one that opens our way to the heart of south Africa, and can not fail to make a deep impression upon the movements of civilized and Christian enterprise. Taken in conjunction with the work of Dr. Barth, it marks the most important era which has yet dawned on the African continent.

Rev. Dr. Livingstone has withdrawn from the service of the London Missionary Society, and returns shortly to Africa, in the employ and under the patronage of the British Government. Five thousand pounds were lately voted by Parliament to Dr. Livingstone to enable him to prosecute the exploration of the river Zambesi, and the southern portion of the African continent. This is a liberal appropriation, handsomely done, and done promptly. A like amount has for years been solicited from the Congress of the United States, but not yet granted, for a reconnaissance of that portion of western Africa lying east of Liberia. This region will compare favorably with that proposed to be visited by Dr. Livingstone, in its capabilities for trade—to obtain which is the object of the British nation.

In these movements we think we discern no faint indications of the grand agencies God will employ for Africa's redemption. Let us labor in faith and hope.

EARLY INDIANA TRIALS, AND SKETCHES: REMINISCENCES BY HON. O. H. SMITH. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. 8vo. 640 pp.—This work does not aspire to the dignity of history nor of biography, and yet it is both. The scenes and incidents of pioneer life—at the bar and on the stump, in politics and in social relations—are sketched with a directness and a naturalness that at once captivate the reader and compel him to go along with the author. Many of the anecdotes are amusing in a high degree; and the sketches of personal appearance and character are among the most taking por-

tions of the work. Very few who have figured prominently, in any capacity in Indiana, escape delineation. The work can not fail of a wide circulation, especially in the west.

GUNN'S NEW DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN. *By J. C. Gunn, M. D. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.*—This is a ponderous 8vo. volume of 880 pages. It covers a wide range in the pharmacopœia. We do not profess to be a very competent judge of the matters of which it treats; but one thing has specially struck us, and that is, the absence of all *unpronounceable* and *ununderstandable* technical terms and phrases. Its description of the symptoms of the various diseases our flesh is heir to, is simple, direct, and easily understood, and its directions as to remedial uses equally explicit. It has occurred to us in examining such a book as this, that with such aid and a little careful observation many a parent might personally perform nearly all the medication a family would ever need.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL. *By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 12mo. 343 pp.*—We have marked several passages in this volume for insertion in the Repository, which will appear in the coming month, as we have not space for them now. Our readers must not imagine, from the title, that this is a prosy diary. The work is fragmentary. It is in some respects a diary, but there is no labored effort to keep up a connected personal history—making the whole dull and tiresome. Yet there are gleams of personal life, especially the interior life, all along its pages. And these are so blended with beautiful passages, fine expressions of sentiment, and delicate delineations of incidents in private life, as to throw a charm over the entire work. We recommend it to our readers. It will not only beguile a weary hour, but the reader will rise from its perusal strengthened in heart and intellect for life's stern warfare.

BARTH'S TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We greet the second volume of this great work. It maintains, and, indeed, increases the interest as it advances. The work is gotten up in beautiful style and splendidly illustrated. Livingstone, Barth, and Anderson have given an impulse to discovery that will end only in the entire exploration of the hitherto little known interior regions of Africa. Both Livingstone and Barth show that there are natural resources and commercial capacities which, if rightly developed, will make sure and early the day of the redemption of that wretched portion of our globe. Indeed, if we have not mistaken the moral significance and power of these two works, the civilization of our race is to be affected by them.

METHODIST HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK.—We are glad to learn that this enterprise is receiving the favor which it really deserves. We have spoken of it at large in our last issue. We again recommend it to all our Churches. An elegant copy of the work now lies before us. In ordinary binding it comes at \$1.25. In superior styles at higher rates.

LIFE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. *By Helen C. Knight, Author of "Lady Huntingdon and her Friends," "Memoirs of Hannah More," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. Pp. 416. For sale at the principal bookstores.*—

This handsome volume contains a well-written life of James Montgomery, a writer whose unaffected simplicity, and grace of style, and purity of diction, entitle him to an elevated place among British poets.

BIBLICAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. *By Dr. Hermann Olshausen, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Continued after his Death by Dr. John Henry Augustus Ebrard and Lic. Augustus Wiesenger. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. Revised after the Latest German Edition by A. C. Kendrick, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. For sale at the principal bookstores.*—Five volumes of this standard work have already been issued, bringing it down to the Epistle to Titus. The sixth volume will, we believe, complete it. In spite of the number of Scripture commentaries before the public, this seems to be working its way to a commanding position. A cotemporary says that it has all the learning of Germany, and, with some slight exceptions flowing from a German philosophy, all the orthodoxy of the Puritans.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS.—The second and third series of sermons by Mr. Spurgeon have been given to the public. There is a fearlessness of spirit and a boldness of expression in these sermons that challenge our admiration. Even their homely bluntness is very much atoned for by the master-strokes of genius which are often manifest. Nay, the obtrusive vanity of the author even, repulsive as it is to good taste, must be taken as part of the man, and one of the elements of power in him.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

SINCE our last issue the following pamphlets have been laid upon our table:

1. **THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW**, for January. Contents: 1. Friar Bacon and Lord Bacon. 2. British Methodism and Slavery, by Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, England. 3. The English Reformation, George Peck, D. D. 4. Whittier's Poems, Professor Robert Alyn. 5. Physical Geography of the Sea, Pliny Miles, Esq. 6. Edmund Burke, Rev. B. St. James Fry. 7. The Logos of Philo Judæus and that of St. John, Prof. J. A. Reubolt. 8. Religious Intelligence. 9. Synopsis of the Quarterlies. 10. Quarterly Book Trade. 11. Literary Items.

2. **THE WRITING AND SPELLING REFORM.** A Lecture by W. T. Coggeshall.

3. **SPEECH OF HON. S. S. COX** on the President's Message.

4. **THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE HUMANE INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE OF OHIO;** namely:

- (1.) Education of the Blind.
- (2.) Education of the Deaf and Dumb.
- (3.) Education of the Idiotic and Imbecile.
- (4.) Central Lunatic Asylum.
- (5.) Southern Lunatic Asylum.

5. **INDIANA STATE INSTITUTION FOR EDUCATING THE DEAF AND DUMB.**

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE is one of the most complete works of the kind published. It may be had for 25 cents.

New York Literary Correspondence.

What shall I write?—An unfailing theme—Causes of atmospheric changes—The Atlantic Monthly—Its “liberalism”—O. A. Brownson on “the Church”—Personelle of Dr. Bethune—On “Common Sense”—Dr. J. T. Peck’s “True Woman”—Life and Influence of Dr. Knox—The Reformed Dutch Church—The Repository in “these parts.”

“WHAT shall I write?” is a question at once interesting and difficult to one who must write. It is a curious fact, that while there is no necessity for it the disposition to write is generally the strongest, but when the necessity comes the ability departs. Or if one resolves persistently to put thoughts on paper, then comes the painful task of selecting, which is all the more difficult, since, like the old theological dogma of *election*, which has its odious counterpart in *reprobation*, when certain favorites are selected, others equally worthy must be “passed over.” Or, perchance, this trial might prove too severe, and then would occur a difficulty, like that of the donkey starving to death between two piles of hay, because of the exact balance of the motives impelling in opposite directions. But facts often play the mischief with our theories and deductions, and so in this case your correspondent, presuming you will expect his letter, sets himself doggedly about producing it.

To one in such a mood *the weather* is the most natural theme for remark. How much we are indebted to our variable climate for our civilization and social amenities! To say something is often a dire necessity, and when all else is unavailable, *the weather*, like a well-supplied contingent fund, is an unfailing resource. But, further than this, it is intrinsically among the best subjects for general conversation. It has a very wide range, and every body knows something about, and all are interested in it. And then there is so much about it that we can not explain, that our love of the mysterious is gratified at it, and our inquisitiveness finds ample room for asking questions, without fear of being troubled with attending to their answers. All sorts of people are weather-wise, and our Epps and Redfields, Merriams and Maury's, can do little more than to extend and amplify the observations which are constantly and almost universally made. In their attempts to explain any of the ever-occurring special phenomena, or to presage future changes in the regions of meteorology, the wisest and weakest seem to be equally at fault. Meteorology has not yet attained to the condition of a *science*; its collection of facts is too incomplete to admit of any comprehensive classification, and so large a proportion of its operations lie so far beyond our observation, that it never can become a well-defined field of philosophy.

It is quite certain, however, that the record of the past few months will be a point of interest in the meteorological history of the age. True, it is yet too soon to write down the character of this winter—as we do not write obituaries or draw portraiture of characters while their subjects survive—and as there is time enough between this writing and the vernal equinox to redeem the character of the season, it becomes us to be cautious. But we are safe in saying that the Januaries of other years were not after this fashion, nor can our winter be a long one. But what is so strangely warming the atmosphere,

is a question which every body asks, and nobody feels himself called on to answer. At other times we have heard of comets, which, acting like vast furnaces, seriously interfered with the calling of our terrestrial Vulcans; and again we have been told that the polar seas have sent out their coolers in the shape of icebergs to temper our thermal excesses. Now, however, we learn that the Gulf Stream has run off its track, and is scouring along our coast, and making the experiment of heating our continent by steam. We wish Lieutenant Maury would make this a permanent arrangement, and then we might rival the “sunny south” in cultivating the “great staples,” and possibly imbibe some of their chivalric fire. But then that might endanger the *Union*, and interfere with existing “peculiar institutions.” This, however, is getting into dangerous ground; perhaps it would be wise not to meddle with such a “delicate question.”

The Atlantic Monthly, whose first issue we noticed in a former letter, has proceeded steadily, and already it has pretty fully demonstrated its character. The high literary tone which it assumed at the beginning has been very well sustained. The studied moderation and carefulness of the first number have given place to a sufficiently-decided and outspoken earnestness of opinions and positions. The character and relations of this new magazine are, therefore, now clearly developed and disclosed. This is as it should be; and we congratulate its publishers and patrons on its successful *debut*. Here we wish we were at liberty to leave the subject, commanding the publication as satisfactorily supplying a confessed want in the literature of the country. But this we can not do.

The conductors of the Atlantic, so far from erring on the side of too much cautiousness, inducing a studied non-committalism, seem to have gone over to the opposite extreme, and are making it, both politically and theologically, a partisan print. With its political position we find no fault, though doubtless many others will. We think, too, that it is desirable that such a publication should have a well-defined political position, and that political discussions should have a place in its columns. But a partisan attitude and methods of discussion should be carefully avoided. So matters appear to our notion of things, though, perhaps, we are all at fault in our tastes and judgment in the matter.

But we yet more strongly object to the theological positions and utterances of the Atlantic. We supposed that, of course, its theology would be “liberal”—this was sufficiently ascertained by the known positions and views of those who have the control of the concern—and to this we assented, since every man is entitled to his own opinions. But we presumed, also, that it was to be really and in good faith, as its title-page declares, “devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics,” and not that a fourth element—which, by its non-enumeration, seemed to be purposely excluded—should enter so largely into its composition. If Messrs. Emerson and Parker, with their satellites and disciples, desire an organ through which to disseminate their doubly-rarified transcendentalisms and theosophic vagaries, it is surely their right to have one; and if Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Company choose to afford

them such an organ, they, too, have a right to do so. But then, in all fairness, let them sail under their own colors, and not smuggle into their columns an element to which a vast majority of their readers would object—and which, had its introduction been anticipated, would have shut up its circulation to a comparatively-narrow sphere. It is quite safe to assume that a very large majority of the class of readers who desire a first-class literary magazine are, in their religious opinions, "orthodox," though the case may be otherwise with a numerically-inconsiderable coterie of *savans* and *litterateurs* about Boston and Cambridge. It is a question of some little importance, then, whether this new magazine shall be for the whole people, or for this little circle of the *élite*. This is especially a question for the consideration of its editor and proprietors, since it must be effectually determined by their action in the matter. If they choose to give it the character of the *Dial* and the *Chronotype*, the recollection of the meteor-like course of those publications may perhaps be instructive to them. If, on the contrary, they shall deem the examples, in this particular, of Blackwood, or our own Knickerbocker and Harper's, not absolutely unworthy of their notice, they may, perhaps, learn something to their advantage from the steady success of these celebrated monthlies. We shall certainly be very sorry to see the Atlantic, with whose general character we are much pleased, sacrificed by becoming the chosen vehicle of Emerson-Parkerism; but sacrificed it will inevitably be, if there shall be a persistence in the course now pursued.

We occasionally have a lecture which elicits some little notice and criticism for a few days succeeding its delivery, among the mass which seem only born to die, because, as their authors would say, they are quite above the tastes of the age. Not very long since we had two of the former class on the same night, and, of course, your correspondent did not hear both of them. One of these was in the Academy of Music, from Orestes A. Brownson, Esq., of Boston, before a very large audience, almost exclusively of Roman Catholics. The whole force of the powerful machinery of the Popish hierarchy of this city and vicinity seems to have been brought to bear in getting up this occasion, and, of course, so far as attendance was concerned, it was a *success*. The subject of the lecture was "Popular Objections to the Church," all of which the lecturer was, of course, entirely successful in combating, to the apparent satisfaction of his hearers. Our Romanists, under the leadership of Archbishop Hughes and the championship of Mr. Brownson, have taken in hand a most difficult and dangerous enterprise—that of vindicating their sect at the bar of an enlightened public opinion. Strong and positive denials of obvious or well-authenticated truths, and bold assertions of patent falsehoods, may avail for a season with the ignorant and unthinking; but all others will, at least, inquire further, and will be slow to reject the evidence of facts and the consent of ages at the *dicta* of self-constituted authorities. The assurance with which Mr. Brownson assumes positions directly opposed to the unquestioned records of history and the obvious state of facts, gives a kind of startling credibility to his announcements, where his hearers or readers are unable, from personal knowledge, to deny what he asserts. But this "confidence game" is available only till it is once fairly detected and exposed. The "popular objections to the [Roman Catholic] Church" lie deeper than any mere

questions about facts; and this was more than half confessed in the attempted vindication, in which the lecturer quite failed to produce any such degree of evidence as is requisite to conviction that the world has been wholly in error for three hundred years on so plain a question. The true policy of the Romanists in this matter is to keep out of the light as much as possible.

The other lecture referred to was a very different affair. It was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Brooklyn, in the rooms of the Historical Society—theme, "Common Sense." Dr. Bethune is himself quite a character, and altogether as worthy of study and as fruitful of remarks as some others of whom much more is said and written. Ancestrally he is a Frenchman, by birth a Knickerbocker, and ecclesiastically a Dutchman. He stands five feet ten in his boots; is of a full habit, with heavy stooping shoulders, and a large head, and a face rubicund and laughing, while his hair, now slightly streaked with gray, is parted on one side, and hangs in ringlets across his ample forehead and down the opposite temples. Though formally connected with the Reformed Dutch Church, he seems rather to belong to the Church universal, so genuine and genial is his catholicity. As a clergyman he fills his place with commendable zeal and fidelity, though he evidently favors the humanitarian side of Christianity more than its sterner evangelism. As a preacher he possesses some rare excellencies, though he will never be universally popular, on account of his culture and the rigid severity of his literary tastes. The great and distinguishing feature of his discourses—though they are respectable in other points—is their rhetoric. He is also distinguished as a platform speaker, in which he is often engaged—and sometimes makes very great failures, though more frequently he is highly successful. But as a lecturer and orator for special occasions he excels himself in all other positions. On such occasions he usually comes to his work thoroughly prepared; and with the united aid of a fine taste, a poetical fancy—for he is a real poet—and an inexhaustible fund of humor—qualities which make him a frequent and favorite guest at the convivial gatherings of the great literary and social institutions of the city—he is sure to please, and often to profit his audiences. At this time he seemed to be in his very best temper and condition, and, of course, his lecture was highly appreciated. Perhaps we can not do better than to give extracts, which will best, though still very imperfectly, illustrate the character of the whole:

"The reverend lecturer proceeded to define that faculty, exercised by mankind generally, distinguished from genius on the one side, and folly on the other, and arriving at conclusions by which the world was guided—namely, COMMON SENSE. That was the subject of his lecture. The Greeks knew it by the designation *koinos noe*, and the *communis sensus* of the Romans had a place in their philosophy. It was called *common sense*, not because it was inferior in value, but because it was common to mankind, every person but a fool or an idiot possessing it. Not that they possessed it in an equal degree. There were some persons who could detect the slightest discord in music, while others could not distinguish Old Hundred from Yankee Doodle. So with regard to colors. Some people could detect the least variation of a shade, while others were puzzled to discriminate between a pale blue and a light green. To others—but they were a few—all colors were much alike,

and the first Quaker must have thought the world was all drab. Common sense was especially the sense of the uneducated, and their judgment was frequently better than that of the learned, in matters of every-day moment. He—the lecturer—would tell them a tale in which he himself figured. It was his lot, when he commenced the labors of the ministry, to preach to sailors in a southern port. His church was the deck, his pulpit was the captain, and, without vanity, he might add, that he was popular among his congregation. One Sunday he exchanged with another minister, doing duty in his church, while he preached to the sailors on board ship. The next day an old salt said to him, 'Parson, who was that lubber that preached to us yesterday?' 'Lubber! you mustn't call him a lubber; he is learned and eloquent.' 'Learned or not,' replied the sailor, 'he took that text, which every greenhorn takes when he is preaching to sailors, about hope being an anchor, and went on to describe a ship scudding at sea under full sail, with the billows attacking her like lions, and cried out, "What would you do then without an anchor?" Now,' added the old sailor, 'I would like to ask him what he would do in such a case with an anchor?'

The truthfulness of the following probably all will readily grant, though many will think they know one child that is a *real* genius:

"No one who has had considerable acquaintance with the interior of households, can have failed to notice the large number of children, who, if we may trust their relations, are endowed with a commanding talent of some kind or another. In every house there is at least one such. And it won't do to doubt the assertion—for who should know better than the father or mother?—that these children are all destined to do something great in the world. The tutor afterward confirms the prophecy, and praises the wonderful apprehension of his pupil, and later, there falls into the parent's hand a copy of the prodigy's verses, which he peruses and exhibits with pride and trembling, fearful that the trials of the world should be too great for the sensitiveness of genius. But, notwithstanding this abundance of remarkable children, great talent was rare in the world, and genius much more so. Poets, artists, sculptors, musical composers, were like the few planets among the multitude of inferior stars."

The following will give "aid and comfort" to some who, though they deserve our sympathies, very seldom receive them:

"What lady afflicted with a literary husband does not find him generally as peevish as a sick baby? and I will venture tremblingly to add, what husband who is blessed with a literary wife has not learned that one of her best talents is for getting up a row? The wife of a literary husband, doubtless, has usually right on her side. We hear a great deal said of Xantippe, the scolding wife of Socrates; but she had reasons for scolding. Let me suggest that any man, who, like Socrates, should give all the market-money to a beggar, and bring home to dinner the ambrosial-locked and perfumed young dandy Alcibiades, might deserve a ducking. It is well we have not many of these inconsistent geniuses. What would the world be if we had nothing else?"

But it would seem the lecturer had taken leave of his characteristic prudence, to say nothing of gallantry—which possibly he thinks would be misapplied in such a case—when he indited the following:

"A woman who hates to be a woman, and loves to strut about the street in the guise even of the ruder sex, loses respect for herself, and gains, in return, possession of the awkwardest garment that men are condemned, for their sins, to wear. Where is the man who, as a man, is not willing to say, 'God save Victoria?' Not because she is a queen, for we care little for that; but because in all her domestic womanly relations, as wife, mother, daughter, she had proved herself an exemplar of her sex. Fancy Victoria putting on Bloomers and presiding at a Women's Rights Convention! Only by the plastic powers of religion and love should women rule over the present and all coming generations."

By some means we have hitherto neglected to say any thing of Dr. J. T. Peck's new book—"The True Woman"—though it has now been for some time before the public. Your readers are probably already acquainted with it, either by having read it, or, at least, by means of your own editorial "notice." But though a little out of time, we may, nevertheless, now speak of it briefly, as a matter connected with our local religious literature. Its title might lead one to suspect that this is only another of the cases often met with of naming books *ad captandum*; but a reading of the book will show that the author intended to delineate what he thus indicated. He ought, therefore, to have begun with the invocation :

"Some angel guide my pencil while I draw,
What nothing but an angel can excel."

He copies from actual realities; yet, recognizing the universal imperfections of the individuals of our race, he, like the artist of classic story, copies the excellences of many individuals, and attempts to combine them into a symmetrical and harmonious unity. The undertaking was a bold one, for to do full justice to the subject would require the use of varied and very high mental and moral attributes. To say that the author has only partially succeeded, is not equivocal praise, since to succeed at all in such a work evinces no common power of either appreciation or delineation. He has presented a portraiture of female character worthy of the admiration of all who love incarnate human virtues, and given a model of practicable and imitable excellence, which may at once excite to virtuous emulation, and guide the inexperienced to the attainment in themselves, and the realization in their characters the same moral worth which is there set forth in such alluring forms. We are not at all surprised to learn that the book is having a large sale. It will do good.

Our city's mortuary record for January contains, among others, one name eminently worthy of a passing memento. Dr. John Knox, senior pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in this city—which office he had filled for nearly half a century—was buried from the church in Lafayette Place, where his funeral services were held on the twelfth day of January. (The Collegiate Dutch Church consists of four distinct congregations, the oldest of that sect, united under a single organization, and a united pastorate.) It is said that about three hundred ministers of different denominations entered the church in procession at the funeral. The pall-bearers were chosen of the most aged and venerable clergymen of the city, representing the principal Protestant denominations among us. Among them were Drs. Spring, Bangs, and Berrian, and others of our well-known and honored pulpit fathers.

Dr. Knox has been engaged in the promotion of the interests of religion and humanity during a very long and a highly-important period in our city's history. That he has been an eminent blessing to the city, and has contributed largely to the maintenance and advance of all its religious and social interests, there is no doubt. He had also maintained his hold upon the affections and veneration of his people—many of whom he had baptized in their infancy, and afterward received into Church fellowship—to an eminent degree. The public, too, had learned to look upon him as a model Christian minister—venerable rather for the solid excellences of his character, than for the more showy qualities which secure a sudden but temporary popularity.

No estimate can be made of the amount of influence for good which such a life exerts. Though but little observed by the multitude, it is like salt cast into the corruptible mass, which, though it disappears in form, is steadily revealed in its saving effects. Great changes have occurred in the religious and ecclesiastical affairs of the city and vicinity during the period of his ministry; and probably in no other denomination have the

changes been more marked and salutary than in that to which the deceased belonged—to which good results he no doubt largely contributed. At this time the Reformed Dutch Church—which is the oldest Church organization in the city—is among the most soundly evangelical, as well as truly catholic of all our Protestant denominations. Its ministers are among the ablest and most faithful of our pastors, and in point of liberality—whether in their relations toward Christians of other names, or to the general interests of religion and benevolence—its people are deserving of high praise. Though nominally their doctrine is that of the Synod of Dort, their preaching retains whatever is good in that system, and presents its wholesome truths in a form that would not have offended the heart nor the head of Arminius or Episcopius.

We are happy to assure you that the Repository is *taking*—that is, it is *taken*—very decidedly in these parts; but, as it is known that editors are characteristically modest, we will forbear any expression of our personal appreciation of its merits, but will wish you Godspeed.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

"MR. ANDREWS IS N'T IN, IS HE?"—Not long since we were in the office of a friend—he and ourself being the sole occupants of the room. Presently the door was pushed open, and a heavily-mustached gentleman pushed in his head, and looked carefully around till his eyes must have satisfied him that we two were the only occupants of the room. "Mr. Andrews is n't in, is he?" asked he, as though he had not already ascertained the fact, and then drew back his head and closed the door before our friend, on whose face a broad smile was playing, could make reply. The ludicrousness of the scene reminded us of a similar incident, given by an exchange, in which one of these askers of needless questions was effectually taken down. A member of a law firm was sitting at his desk, busily engaged in important business, when the door opened—Mr. A. walked in, and said, in a drawling tone, "Mr. —— is n't in, is he?" The question was useless, of course, as there was no one else in the room but two; but the counselor arose, and, with great urbanity, replied, "I will see, sir." He looked under his chair, behind the stove, into the "pigeon-holes" of his desk, and saying, "I do n't see him," sat down and went to writing. "Hold on, squire," said the visitor, "you have taught me a lesson, sir, and I'll send you a peck of apples"—and departed. How many of our readers are guilty of this habit of asking idle questions? Let all such take a quiet hit, and reform.

A HARD SHELL'S DEMONSTRATION OF IMMERSION.—The peculiar tenet of the Campbellite or Hard-Shell Baptists is that immersion is a saving ordinance. In the south-western part of Virginia one of their preachers gave an original illustration of his doctrine. The singing tone and the original imitation of sound, which gave piquancy to his illustration, the types have no power to express. Said he:

"I was going along one glorious Sunday morning, to preach the blessed Gospel to some poor, benighted people

away over on the borders of Kentucky, and a meditatit' what I should say, when all at once I heard something behind me, clippety clip, clippety clip! and I looked, and behold it was a beautiful deer! It flew by me like the wind; and then I heard the hounds coming after it—bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow! I put spurs to my horse, and rode to the river, and when I got there the deer had swum the river; the dogs had lost the track, and the deer was saved. Now, that's the case with you, my hearers. The deer is the sinner, dear sinner; there you go through the world, clippety clip! clippety clip! and the devil is the hound. There he comes—bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow! Now, all you have to do is to *take to the water*. The devil can't track you any farther, and you'll be saved!" We have heard "argumentation" not much inferior to this.

THE GOLDEN MEAN IN HARD TIMES.—It appears that in the present severe financial pressure men in "middling circumstances" are best off. Those who have aimed in the recent inflation of business to grow suddenly rich, and those who are at the other end of the scale, are the chief victims of the "hard times." Just now the words of the poet are especially applicable:

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state."

"I'LL NOT BE BUILT OVER WHEN I'M DEAD."—There is true poetry in the answer of Allan Cunningham to Chantry, who, having caused a splendid vault to be built for himself, proposed to the great poet that he should also be buried in it. "No, no," answered Allan, "I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie whar' the wind shall blow over, and the daisies grow upon my grave."

Sideboard for Children.

FRAGMENTS or scraps relating to this department, as well as communications designed for it, have been accumulating till it is impossible for us ever to use them in our columns, without giving more space to the department than we think the general interests of the work warrant. This month we omit the "sayings" in order to give place to a few scraps, which will be useful as well as interesting, especially to those who have the guardianship and care of children.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.—Every one must have wondered that so very few ministers seem to have or to exercise the faculty of talking profitably, and especially of preaching, to children. Many ministers, we know, feel deeply upon the subject. We think the following paragraph entitled to sober attention:

Why is it that such multitudes of our best clergymen fail utterly in this department? Why is it that, though it can almost be said of them that they "speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge," they are dumb, or might as well be dumb, when they attempt to address the little lambs of their flock? If they do n't understand the language, why do n't they study it? "They do n't understand the language of children!" Why do n't they drill themselves into the use of it, then, day in and day out, if necessary? "But the faculty of interesting children is natural to some people. Nature do n't give it to every body. It does n't come natural to me." Nonsense. Neither does your Latin come natural to you, nor your Greek, nor your Hebrew. I do n't believe you were born with either of these languages flowing very glibly from your tongue. The fact is, you must *come down*—not *descend*, but *come down*—to the dear young lambs of your flock. See what interests them. Watch their countenances at the domestic hearth, while you are trying the effect upon them of different topics and different modes of presenting these topics. Break your sentences to pieces. Cut them up. Lay aside your words of Latin and Greek derivation. "You can't do it!" Yes, you can. "It's an art." Very well, learn the art. Make yourself perfect in it. Do n't be afraid that you will spoil your style for other uses. If you should mix up a great deal more Anglo-Saxon in your sermons than you now do, it would not hurt them. They would be the better for it.

DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN THE ACCIDENTS AND THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.—In the discipline of children, as in all government, it is important to estimate offenses according to the degree of their *moral obliquity*. Sins of ignorance or of inadvertency, of which children commit a great many, are not to be put upon a par with deliberate and downright iniquities, even though the former be more mischievous in their effects—putting *moral* tendencies out of view—than the latter. This is very obvious, but not always acted on. There are parents who will be more disturbed by an accident than by a crime. For instance, they will more severely reprove or punish a child for breaking a looking-glass or a piece of porcelain, than for a falsehood or a quarrel. And what wonder if the child himself learns to estimate his conduct by the same law. An accident alarms him for the consequences, while a moral fault does not distress his conscience. So much *harm* done, so much *guilt*; or, rather, so much *obnoxiousness* to punishment, or blame. An unsuccessful fraud, a lie from which no mischief follows, a fit of anger that injures nobody, is passed over by the parent as though it were venial; and so the child's conscience, as well as his fears, is relieved. Nor is that the worst. His conscience is *misinstructed*. His moral vision is perverted, and a false standard of accountability and character given him, to take

along with him up to manhood, and through life, till the great tribunal of another world sets him right.

OVERSIGHT AND RESTRAINT OF CHILDREN.—Oversight and restraint there must be, certainly. Young life is too exuberant not to need pruning; too rampant not to require training and keeping-in. Yet restraint should not be too rigorous. Besides that the sense of freedom is one of the most delightful feelings to the child, and to the man, it is favorable to virtue, and ought for that reason to be allowed within all safe and wholesome limits. Many an instance of concealment, falsehood, truantship, obduracy, and eventual lawlessness, has been owing to an over-stringent domestic supervision; though I do not doubt that the far more common origin of such mischiefs is a too great *laxness* of supervision.

A too minute and constant supervision not only tries the temper of the child, but is unfavorable to the formation of a strong and useful character. If you direct him in every effort, call him back from every ramble, question every absence from your sight, apprise him of every little danger, contrive all his amusements for him—in a word, if you keep him every moment in leading-strings and tethers, you will make a feeble and dependent creature of him. An English writer says, he was once present when an old mother, who had brought up a large family with eminent success, was asked by a young one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were too anxiously educated, and her reply was, "I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect." Much must be left to the spontaneous impulses of the child's nature—to his natural love of achievement and of self-reliance and self-approbation, to his conscious bravery, his instinct of self-preservation, and the teachings of experience. Much also must be left to the *providence of God*. It is needless relief of mind to commit them to his keeping; and, moreover, it is hardly to be doubted that *excessive* anxiety about the lives and limbs of children, amounting, as it often does, to a sinful distrust or non-recognition of His care, is often rebuked by their being taken away. A mother at meeting on Sunday recollects a tub of water into which her little child might fall and be drowned. The thought gave her so much uneasiness that she could not attend to the services. She left the house and went home. The child was safe and well. She took a book, and sat down to read; but by and by, missing her child, she went to look for it, and found it drowned in the tub. It is only by some measure of such "wholesome neglect" that the natural manliness of the boy, and the womanly consciousness of the girl, can grow up to their proper adult force.

THE BABIE.—We close our chapter with the following stanzas, marked alike for delicacy of sentiment and for the sound moral they express:

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.
Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her pucker'd lip and baumy mou',
With na ane tooth between.
Her een, sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings.
She is the budding o' our love,
A giftie God gie'd us;
We munna luve the gift ower weel,
'T wad be nae blessing thus.

An Editorial Paper.

THE ATONEMENT, AND THEORIES IN RELATION TO IT.

INSTEAD of a more practical paper which we had designed for this number, we give place to one on the atonement. In this we have a double object. First, to impart clear ideas of the different theories on this subject. Second, to lay the foundation of a more expansive charity toward those holding defective views, by bringing to light the element of truth in their theories, and its relation to the *entire truth*.

The death of Christ has given to it in the Gospel a very remarkable place. As a *fact*, it occupied but a few hours of his history; yet the narrative fills more space than the events of any year of his life. In the epistles it is connected with all our blessings, and is the grand motive to holiness. Fifty or sixty times it is introduced, and always as one of the most touching and impressive truths. In nearly all professedly Christian sects, moreover, it is the badge of their religion. They may not rightly understand its meaning, but all hold that the true Christian is a *crusader*, and that the history of *Christianity* is emphatically the history of the *cross*.

This fact is instructive. It deserves investigation. There are clearly influences in the cross which appeal to men of very different creeds, and of very different temperaments; and it is our wisdom, while relating erroneous and exclusive views of the doctrine, to do honor even to such as contain but partial truth. The true theory is, of course, that which embodies *all the truth*, and gives to each portion its proper place; but if our theory leaves out important portions, those portions will revenge themselves by asserting, through some disciple, supreme or exclusive prominence; and so our partial theory will prove a source of aggravated division and multiplied error. In the hope of contributing something to a comprehensive judgment of the true cause of the influence of the death of Christ on human feelings, let us examine the various theories in relation to it. As the chemist puts into some liquids that hold precious material in solution, a substance which has affinities for it, and thereby the material is precipitated and becomes visible, so we need to bring to this study a spirit of affinity for truth. All around us there may be error. Let the reader quietly repel what is erroneous, retaining only what will stand the test of Scripture, and then let him recombine—if need be—what he thus retains with his previous views.

1. The death of Christ contains in itself all the elements of *tragic influence*. Men are touched by the spectacle of *undeserved suffering*: here, amid the taunts of his murderers, dies the only one of Adam's race who knew no sin. A life of unequalled beneficence is consummated by a death of violence and anguish. Men look with interest on *greatness in misery*: here is the King of glory, despised and rejected of men, in misery so severe that even his patient spirit cried out in agony, and rejoiced when it was "finished." Men feel most deeply when they have some connection with the sufferer: here the *man* Jesus dies, and dies in the stead of *men*. Men are strongly affected by what they know is *affecting others*: this sacrifice stirs *all worlds*. The earth, the sky, and the temple, fit representations of all created

and divine things, are moved at the scene. It is hence easy to see how the death of Christ should form one of the mysteries of the middle ages; and how, as a fact, it contains, apart from its *moral* significance, all the elements of grandeur and tenderness. Thousands, perhaps, have wept over the story of the cross, who, after all, have lived and died unrenewed men.

2. But the death of Christ is more than a tragic exhibition. It is an evidence of his sincerity, and essential to his resurrection; while his resurrection is a proof of the divinity of his mission, and an earnest of the resurrection of the race he came to deliver—a message from God—a message of pardon for the guilty. He delivered it clearly and impressively, confirmed it by miracles, and then died attesting its truth. Through his resurrection our eternal life is seen to rest for its evidence, not on arguments, nor even upon a divine promise, but upon an *actual fact*. And this is all, alas! that some see in the death of our Lord. Yet what is thus seen is true, and ought to have, as it has, a place in our creed.

3. But some go further. It is a belief common among all nations, they say, that some sins are in themselves unpardonable. An avenging Nemesis needs to be propitiated; and the propitiation is often obtained through the suffering of the innocent. This notion, they add, is sanctioned in the law, where vicarious and expiatory sacrifices abound. So deeply had this idea of vicarious suffering struck its roots into the hearts of men, that inspired teachers were unable to eradicate it. The writers of the New Testament themselves felt it; and hence all—James excepted—attribute, unfoundedly, a vicarious character to our Lord's sufferings. They, therefore, interweave in their writings the language of the Old Testament, and so convert the ignominious death of the founder of the Christian system into an argument for its truth! (So Gesenius and De Wette.)

Our Lord's purpose, they add, was not very different. At first he shrank from death—prayed that he might be delivered from it; but at last, foreseeing in the exercise of deep sagacity that his career was likely to have a disastrous end, he resolved to make that end an evidence of his sincerity, and the means of superseding the sacrificial rites of all nations! This is Rationalism. Fairly to state it is really to *refute* it. And yet, it will be noticed, it is *based* on a partial *truth*. The idea of a divine Nemesis has struck its roots into the heart of the race.

4. Suppose, now, we tolerate for a moment the presence of the theory of Strauss, in relation to the narrative of the Gospels. The Gospels, says he, are morally true, but not historically. Their narratives are either *mythical* or *legendary*. What is mythical has no *historical* basis, but sets forth truth in a poetical form. What is legendary associates the truth with persons who had historical existence, only there is no ground for associating the truth with *them*. These narratives, therefore, are, as a whole, man's own tendencies and ideas projected into fact—the subjective put into objective forms! What is said of our Lord is true, not of Christ Jesus, but of the race. The union of spirit and of matter in man is the true *incarnation*. The victories of mind over matter are the true *miracles*. The gradual mortification of the

gross, material life, and its gradual reassumption of a diviner spiritual essence as civilization advances, is shadowed forth in the death, the resurrection, and the ascension, ascribed to a living person, in the Gospel. In a word, the sacrifice of the cross is the self-sacrifice of the flesh. Atonement is offered in the person of the sinner, and man,

"Self-raised,
Regains his native seat."

Again, to state this theory is to refute it. And yet, it will be noticed that it adds to the first theory on the tragic influence of the cross, a moral element that is partially true. We are crucified with Christ.

5. Even Pantheism pays homage to the atonement, and its theory deserves little consideration. According to the great modern teacher of that system—Hegel—the life of God is known to us in three forms: first as a pure spirit, prior to creation; then as unfolding himself in the creation of the universe and of finite minds; and then in the recall of creation into the infinite Spirit. As God, in his progress from the center outward, reaches his lowest degradation in sin and death, so it is just there the divine needs to reappear, that men may see from actual facts how possible it is for a spirit to return from death and sin unto God. In the mean time the Holy Spirit excites in men's hearts the consciousness of that union with God which the life of Christ displays in facts. The Father, therefore, is the creating and infinite spirit; the Son is the infinite spirit, allying himself with the finite, proving by example the possibility of this alliance even in death; while by the Holy Spirit men are brought into conscious alliance with him. Here again we have monstrous error, with partial truth—"We are crucified with Him that we may be glorified together."

6. The self-sacrifice of Strauss's system, and the mystical union of Hegel's, are now to take another form. They reappear as advocated first by Schleiermacher, and more recently by Maurice. In the incarnation, they say, God is seen in union with man; not simply in human nature, but in union with the whole race. The regeneration of the race begins at his birth, is aided by the trials, the discipline, and the acts of our Lord, and is consummated in his death. In that death the self-surrender of Christ as incarnate, and of man in him, is perfected; and therein consists the sufficiency of his sacrifice. Substitution it is not; nor is faith needed to connect man with Christ; his dying is already our dying, and the efficacy of his work depends not on any penalty inflicted and removed, but on the submission of the will of our Lord to the will of the Father. Christ's life is merely a glorious exhibition of a filial spirit; in his death that spirit is seen in all its perfection. This is its meaning no more. When men persecute you, pray for them. When God seems to desert you, still trust him. Not your will, but his be done. That, they say, is the lesson of the cross; that, the sacrifice that is to save!

7. Other views go further and introduce a new thought. Men owe every thing to Him, to his death in part, but not chiefly; nor ought we too closely to define our obligations. He is our teacher, our example, and his death is as instructive as the lessons of his personal ministry. It marks God's disapprobation of sin, as do our own sufferings. It is no sufficient atonement for a broken law—no solemn or perfect vindication of the divine character.

Ideas of sufficiency or satisfactoriness are inadmissible. And yet, as Israel was delivered for Abraham's faith, and Job's three friends were accepted through Job's sacrifice; and as in Roman law there was a legal fiction—called *acceptatio*—whereby a payment in part secured from a creditor a complete discharge, as if the debtor had paid in full, so here we are saved through Christ—we need not say how. We are saved, and it is through him.

These theories all fail through defect—some of them also by positive error, but all also through defect—each teaching, however, some truth. Christ's death is the most tragic scene the world ever witnessed. It is an evidence of his sincerity, as his resurrection is an evidence of the divinity of his mission and a pledge of our own resurrection. Christ did interweave the lessons of all ancient sacrifices with his teachings, and then realized them in his death. One truth taught in the cross is that the fleshly in man must be crucified before the spiritual can be perfected. In the cross we have a figurative representation of how the divine may be brought into most humbling contact with the human, and then emerge in all its glory. The filial submission and self-surrender of Christ are seen in the garden and on Calvary. The race is benefited by our Lord's teaching, and in ways we can but imperfectly describe by his dying. All these statements are true. But they fail to represent the *entire* truth. It is as if each theorist had found a set of facts too numerous for his powers, and so had reduced them till they were within his grasp. Each has selected but one or two of the qualities of our Lord's work, and in his anxiety to exalt it, or in his inability to seize more, has disowned or dishonored the rest. These differences on the doctrine of his death arise in part from the very diversity of its claims, and the true measure of those claims is to be ascertained, not by denying those theories *entirely*, but by combining them, and by adding the one truth which all disown or overlook, but which is essential to give harmony and force to the rest.

8. In addition, then, to much that has been set forth in preceding theories, we hold that Christ died "to be a sacrifice, not only for the original guilt, but for the actual sins of man;" and that by his perfect obedience and sacrifice of himself, he hath fully satisfied the demands of divine justice. Such is the peculiarity of the last system—the point in which it differs from those systems which affirm that punitive justice, vicarious suffering, substitution and satisfaction, are human inventions unsanctioned by Scripture. But let it be carefully marked, this last theory includes much that is taught in the preceding theories. Christ's death does contain themes of deepest natural pathos. It is a revelation of God and man, and an attestation of his own sincerity and of the Father's approval. It absorbs, and fulfills, and terminates the sacrificial rites of all nations. It is a symbol of the crucifying of the flesh, and of our dying with Christ unto sin. It is a "reconciling manifestation of humanity in union with divinity." He is one with us; and the moral influence of his submission and self-abasement is essential to the efficacy of his work, both with God and man. These are portions of preceding theories. We deny none of them. We hold and strenuously maintain them all. We confess even that they set forth angles or corners of truth which have been too often forgotten. Only, we add—that violations of law must be punished; that some righteous and adequate

expression of the Lawgiver's abhorrence of sin is inseparable from his holiness; that the doctrine of substitutionary suffering is found in nearly all systems, "it has struck its roots deep into human nature," is formally taught in the Mosaic law, is reiterated again and again in the Gospel; and that Christ's sufferings are ever spoken of as of infinite worth, and as at once propitiating God and expiating sin. Add further, that this plan of propitiation originates with the love of the Father while it illustrates his holiness, and is carried out through the willing self-sacrifice of the Son, and brings with it the influence of the Holy Spirit, and our theory is complete. On any other system, the Godlike attribute of justice is disowned. Divine holiness, of which the abhorrence of sin in one form is rendered impossible, and large portions of Scripture, are robbed of their significance; portions, moreover, which must be admitted to be at once the most touching and the most sublime. Hold any one of these earlier theories to the exclusion of the rest, and it will be difficult to read Scripture with intelligence and reverence. Combine them, giving due prominence to the last, and all will be plain.

If there be truth in these representations, it follows that the preaching of the cross is demonstrably fitted to produce the mightiest results. It stirs the whole mind; it excites our natural sympathy; it is a lesson on Scripture evidences; it strengthens the hope of immortal life, and solves a thousand difficulties in relation to it; it proves what God requires and what man is and deserves;

it is a manifestation of the sanctity of law and of the tenderness and philanthropy of the Lawgiver; a model of self-sacrifice and the strongest motive to it; an assurance, given in facts, of God's pity and of Christ's sympathy. We do not mean that, as *human nature is*, the preaching of the cross will of itself produce spiritual results, but it is eminently adapted to produce them; and while the accompanying energy of the spirit of God, the true author of every holy change, is a matter for additional thankfulness, it becomes us to recognize the glorious adaptedness of the instrument he wields. Failing to recognize it, we overlook one of the most important of the laws of God's procedure, and we dishonor Christ. The cross acts on men's hearts not magically, but through the truths it sets forth; and in honoring it we honor our Lord.

Ought we not also somewhat to extend our views? Christ's death *is* a sacrifice for sin. That is its grand distinction. But it is more. And he will be the most effective teacher of that truth who combines with it so much as is true in other theories. The neglected truths of any Gospel ministry are helps to error, and they will be used against us. Let the cross be introduced in our preaching, in all the connections in which it is introduced in Scripture, we ask no more, and it will shine with new luster, and be vested in the hearts of hearers with new interest. It is as mighty for purposes of devotedness, of comfort, of growing holiness, as it is for renewal and forgiveness. It is the groundwork of forgiveness, of sanctification, and of eternal life.

Editor's Table.

PORTRAIT OF M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.—We made arrangements for a finely-executed portrait of this lamented young poetess to accompany the sketch in our last number. We closed the number, indeed, still hoping that the engraving would appear. But the artist failed to suit either himself or us, and its place was supplied by a landscape.

NUTTING is one of those exquisite, lifelike delineations which have placed Mr. Smilie among the first of living artists. How clear, transparent, mellow, the whole scene! How it carries the thoughts back to the sunny spring-time of life; to the hours when, in childhood, we gambolled over the hills, and sported beneath the sylvan shade! In the beauties displayed to the eye, as well as in the memories awakened in the heart, may we receive moral impressions and be taught moral truths! Exquisite art, when true to its great ends, ministers to purity of thought and feeling as well as to refinement of taste. The person who can not appreciate such beauty may suspect himself not only of a certain coarseness of nature, but also of a degree of obtuseness in that moral perception which is closely allied to pure and elevated sensibility. Hence, these pictures have a religious significance. Children should be early taught to discern and appreciate the beautiful. Whether displayed in nature or in art, it is one of the means God has designed for human elevation and refinement. He has made it the handmaid of religion. Many a soul can date the dawnings of its love for the beautiful from the moment its

sensibilities first felt the warming and expanding influence of the Holy Spirit.

The original painting by Mr. Hart, from which this was copied, has been highly eulogized. For the use of it we are indebted to its proprietor, Mr. Church, himself an artist well known to the American public.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. STOWE.—This charming picture is the first of a series to be executed for us by Mr. Buttre. It will raise high expectations on the part of our readers; but we feel quite sure they will not be disappointed. We hope to present, in due course, the portraits of the late Dr. J. V. Watson; Mrs. Garratt, the munificent founder of the Garratt Biblical Institute; Florence Nightingale, etc.

APOLOGY TO OUR EXCHANGES.—We regret to learn that our exchanges were overlooked by the clerk in mailing our January issue. It was one of the incidents of an extremely busy season, when letters were pouring in daily at the rate of from three hundred to four hundred. We have no disposition to "cut the acquaintance" of our exchanges. Albeit, we regret that we can not comply with all the applications we have to extend that acquaintance.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS must excuse us if we fail to answer many of their letters. We would be pleased to gratify them, but it is quite impossible to meet all these demands. One says, "Write and let me know whether my article is accepted;" another inquires, "Have you

received my article?" a third, "Do you wish any other pieces?" a fourth, "What kind of articles do you prefer?" a fifth, "If rejected, will you point out the defects in my article, so that I may improve on your suggestions?" a sixth, "As you have not used the article I sent you last year, will you please return it?" and a seventh, "When will the article I sent you last November appear?" This is only the beginning of the catalogue. Our friends must excuse us. What may seem to them to be the result of indifference and neglect is really a necessity. All who wish to preserve or make other use of their articles, if they are not published in our pages, should keep a duplicate copy.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"Nellie's Life's Lessons" has some excellencies, but will hardly answer for us. We will return it if the author desires. "Our Husbands" is written in a beautiful hand, and, as a composition, has considerable merit. Were our supply of material from more experienced writers less abundant, we might find place for it. "Lines by M. R." evinces some poetic talent, but is too long. The author of "A Sketch" needs study and practice. "The British Poets" is a theme to which the author is not equal.

A critic to whom we handed "Farewell to Autumn," returned it, saying, "This will never do. The author must go to school, be a good boy, and leave poetry to the winds." The same critic says, on returning "Tears are for the Earth," "The author desires to know the reasons why this is declined. She will find a sufficient reason in the fact that it was written in 'ten minutes.' 'No excellence without labor.'" "The School-Mistress" is a pretty story, but is marked by no special moral instruction.

The following will hardly do: "Childhood Days;" "The Glory of Christ;" "Sunshine Child;" "To A—;" "The Winter King;" "To the Ocean;" "Life;" "Hush," etc.; "Darkness;" "A Beautiful Incident;" "Shouts;" "I'll think and weep;" "Lazarus restored to Life;" "Slander," etc.; "The Setting Sun and Moonlight Eve;" "I feared my Child would die;" "The Soul's Weeping;" and "Samuel."

NOT THE RIGHT THING.—Some two or three of our exchanges are in the habit of copying articles we have paid for, without giving credit to the Repository. This is not exactly the right thing, and we are determined to drop such periodicals from our exchange list.

ERRATA AFTER ALL.—As we have repeatedly said, we have adopted the rule of leaving all errata to be adjusted by the good sense of our readers, unless they involve important historical or doctrinal questions. Some of our contributors persist in saying that the slip of the pen which made one of our writers say, that Adams and *Madison*, instead of Adams and Jefferson, died on the 4th of July, 1826; and a fault of the *types* which made Jesse Lee's first preaching-place in New England, *Newark*, instead of Norwalk, come under this rule. Both these historical facts we supposed were so generally known that correction was unnecessary. In this latter article the types also, by reading "*sat*" instead of "*was*," made nonsense.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—Our readers will recognize some five or six new names among the contributors to this number. Their present contributions will insure them a future welcome. Our editorial paper is substantially a

condensation from Dr. Angus. We put it in this form to attract to it the attention of our readers, and also to give them the essence of a more extended discussion.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.—At the time of closing this number, we are cheered by the news of revivals progressing in all parts of the Church. Such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit has not been witnessed for years. In the first crush of the commercial revulsion—when, in a moment, men found all their earthly hopes blasted, and the very foundations on which they had been building swept away—the shock was so great and the anxiety so intense, that a sort of spiritual paralysis—a spiritual stupefaction ensued. Reacting from this, as the pressure of disappointment and of worldly anxiety wears away, new spiritual activities are brought out. Men turn from their worldliness to God. Finding their worldly foundation unreliable, they seek to plant their feet upon the Rock of Ages. Their earthly riches rusted and corrupted, they inquire after the true riches. What seemed to be a calamity has become a blessing. The Church is revived, believers are vitalized anew, the weak are made strong, and thousands who, in the tide of worldly prosperity, thought little of God and of the soul, are now brought to the cross. From all the indications around us we believe this will be a year of glorious triumph in the Church of Christ. We trust its fruits may be manifest, not only in the tens of thousands added to our Zion, but also in the development of the higher elements of the spiritual life in multitudes of Christian hearts.

POSTAGE ON THE REPOSITORY.—We learn that postmasters in some places have been demanding unwarrantable rates of postage from our subscribers. Those interested in the matter will find the decision of the Postmaster-General on the second page of the cover.

OUR CIRCULATION.—The effects of the commercial panic have fallen upon us much more lightly than we feared. Our publishers are issuing at this date—February 8th—32,500. This, we believe, is in advance of the number issued at the same period last year. One more vigorous effort on the part of all the friends of the Repository will not only make good our list, but put it in advance of the point reached last year. Many of our brethren have done nobly. They have increased largely their periodical list. Very few have been remiss. All thanks to those who have, in spite of their own personal embarrassments, growing out of the unprecedented commercial revulsion, struggled to sustain and advance this great literary and religious interest of the Church.

STRAY GEMS.—He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

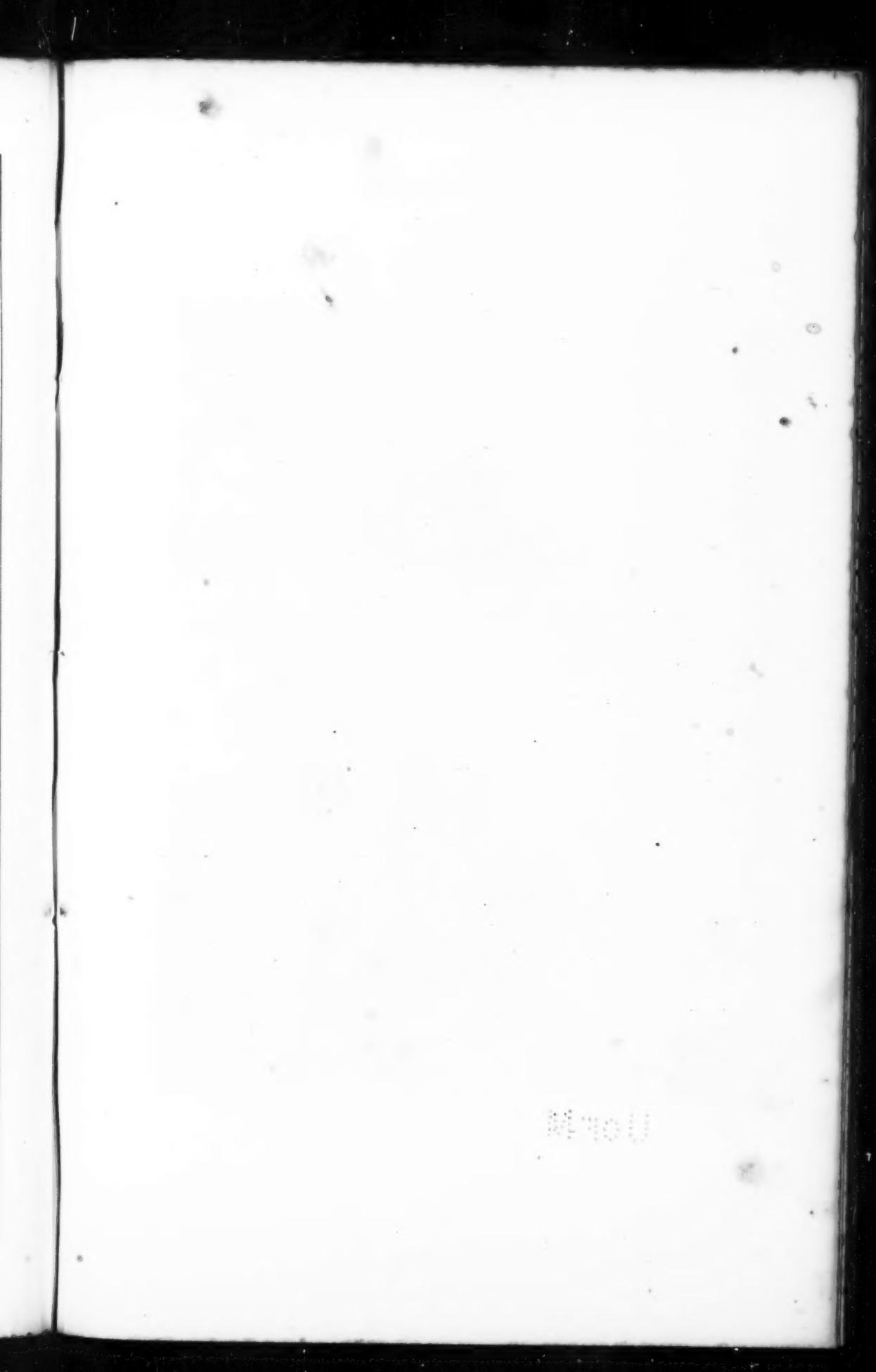
True prayer is not a human, but a celestial gift; the fruit of the Holy Spirit praying in us and with us.

If you meddle with Diana of the Ephesians, you must expect to lose the friendship of Demetrius.

No situation is so exposed to perils and evils as that of one who has to conduct others, unless he himself has God for his guide.

As the lovely cedar is greener throughout the barrenness of winter, so shall the Christian alone flourish amid the winter of death, and bloom in immortality.

Christian benevolence, like the meal-barrel of her that refreshed God's holy prophet, ever ministereth comforts to the needy; and still the supply is undiminished.





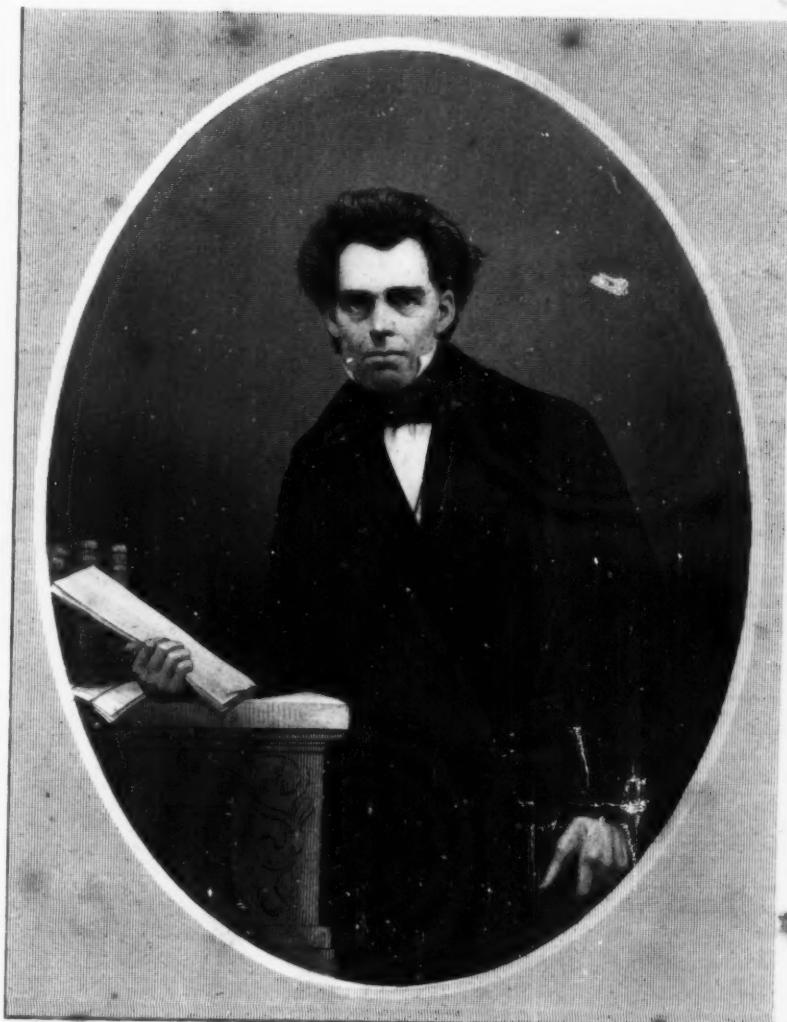
BY MR. J. S. STEPHENS.

Painted by J. L. Eastman.

WILM. WOODWARD.
ENGRAVED EXPENSES FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY

ENGRAVED EXQUISITELY FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY





Engraved by J. C. Buttre.



REV. J. W. WATSON, D.D.

Engraved expressly for the Ladies Repository.

W. H. & J. C. Buttre, Boston.